

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

AUGUST 7, 1924
VOLUME 98, NO. 32



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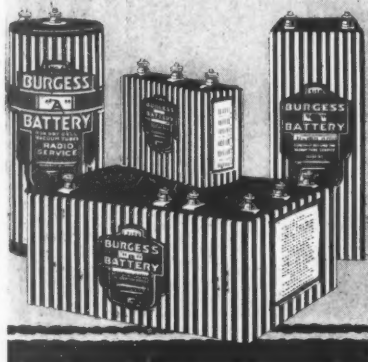
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is an illustrated weekly paper for all the family. Issued weekly by the Perry Mason Company. The Youth's Companion, Publication Office, Rumford Building, Ferry Street, CONCORD, N. H., Editorial and business offices, 881 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. Subscription price is \$2.50 a year, in advance, including postage prepaid to any address in the United States and Canada, and \$3.00 to foreign countries. Entered as second-class matter, Nov. 1, 1923, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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PERRY MASON COMPANY
The Youth's Companion
Boston, Mass.

WATERY EYE

MANY people suffer more or less constantly with an overflow of tears—a condition that is most annoying, though not necessarily serious. Normally the secretion of tears is in just sufficient amount to keep the surface membrane of the eye and eyelids—that is, the conjunctiva—moist; any slight excess is carried down the lacrimal duct into the nose. If only an occasional drop passes through the duct, it evaporates, and nothing more is heard of it; if much comes down, it is as if one were suffering with a head cold with watery discharge from the nose; if more tears are excreted than can flow through the small tear duct, the excess runs over the lower eyelid and courses down the cheek. That is what we see in ordinary weeping.

The cause of a watery eye is either an over-secretion of tears or an obstruction to the passage of tears through the lacrimal duct. The over-secretion may be excited by beginning inflammation of the conjunctiva by a cinder or a speck of dust in the eye, by eyestrain or, reflexly, by disease of the nose, caries of the teeth or pyorrhea or by facial neuralgia. More commonly the trouble may be traced to a defect in the tear duct on one side or on both.

There are two openings into the little tube, one at the inner extremity of the upper eyelid and the other at the same extremity of the lower, and if either of those openings is narrowed or displaced so as not to rest flat against the eyeball, the fluid cannot enter. The duct itself may be too narrow throughout, or it may be narrowed at any point along its course, either congenitally or as the result of an injury. The lower of the openings can be readily seen by pulling down the lower lid; but, if it is visible without much manipulation, it does not rest against the eyeball, and the tears therefore cannot enter it.

With many persons the overflow of tears occurs only when walking against a cold wind or looking at a bright light or, in the case of eyestrain, after reading without properly fitted glasses. If the overflow continues for some time, inflammation is excited, and the sight is weakened. Unless relieved, the inflammation increases and extends to the nose, setting up chronic catarrh, and the skin on the nose at the inner end of the eye and on the cheek becomes raw and chapped.

When the cause of watery eye is discovered the cure is easy. A common cause is eyestrain, which can be corrected by properly fitted glasses. When the orifice of the duct does not rest flat against the eye the use of an astringent collyrium may give tone to the lid. If the duct is too narrow, it may have to be dilated by passing a probe through it. In persistent cases the advice of an oculist should always be sought.

ADVICE

"**N**O," said Laura, "I haven't seen the Harleys' house since they moved in. I went over it with Nina before it was finished or furnished, that's all."

"It's charming," exclaimed Peggy. "The paint and papers and draperies are unusual and distinctive. The cheerfulness, gayest house! I was giving most of the credit to you, Laura. Nina said she asked you to help her choose. She was tremendously grateful."

"Well, she ought to be," said Laura crisply. "The least she can do is to be grateful, even if I wasn't a bit of use! She did just about the opposite of everything I suggested. Of course, she wasn't bound to take my advice; but if she didn't value it, why ask it?"

"And your taste is so exquisite, Laura!" cried Mildred. "What was Nina thinking of!" "Of the house she, and not Laura, was going to live in, I suppose," said Peggy. "Laura's taste is perfect—in choosing for someone of her own type. But her type and Nina's are as different as cauliflowers and carnations!"

"Then why ask me for advice?" persisted Laura, unmollified.

"Because it was bound to be useful," asserted Peggy confidently. "Advice that's sincere and intelligent is often just as useful when it isn't taken as when it is. Supposing the advisee has intelligence as well as the advisor: the suggestion of something good or beautiful that she intuitively feels she doesn't want is a challenge to her mind and taste to discover why. And that helps clarify her ideas. The advisor ought never to advise except upon the distinct understanding that her advice is to be absolutely frank and sincere and is to be frankly accepted or rejected, with no embarrassment or sore feelings on either side."

"That's all very well," put in Laura still resentfully, "but here's Nina saying that I advised her, and people will lay her flaring atrocities to me! Do you know the paper she's bought for her sewing room? Life-size pink-and-green parrots all over it, swinging in yellow rings!"

"Wait till you see the room, Laura! The bow window, the doors and the panelling take up so much wall space there are only three half-length strips of the paper and not more than half-a-dozen parrots in all; and the colors are vivid of course, but they're beautiful."

"I'd as lief sew in an aviary!" declared Laura.

"Yes, you, but not Nina. She and her mother need strong color and lively decoration to brighten them up. I truly believe, Laura, when you visit the house you'll find it has beauty and attractiveness, even though you'd hate to live in it."

"Doubt it," said Laura more mildly. "Still it may be—all but the room with the parrots."

"The parrots," affirmed Peggy with twinkling eyes, "are your especial responsibility. Nina apologized for them a bit. She said maybe they were a little startling, but the paper you wanted her to have was such a faint, shadowy thing in cold gray tones with snowy pine boughs on it that it made her shiver, and she flew to the most tropical opposite extreme!"

"Horrors!" gasped Laura. "I shall be afraid to go to sleep tonight for fear a squawking flock of pink-and-purple parrots will go pretty-Pollyng endlessly through my dreams!"

THE FAITHFUL QUAIL FATHER

A READER who has always been much interested in the out-of-doors sends us this interesting, though tragic, story of a pair of quails:

Having frequently heard that the male quail will take turns with the female on the nest at brooding time, I decided to verify the fact for myself. I found a nest with six eggs in it and made daily trips to the place until all the eggs were laid and for some time thereafter. I found that the mother bird would cover the eggs at night and remain on them until about nine o'clock the following morning and that then the male bird would relieve her and stay on the nest virtually the entire day.

One day, in company with a small boy, I happened to go a little too near, and the mother bird fluttered off and hopped on a log a short distance away. Picking up a stone, the boy threw it at her and killed her. I reprimanded him severely, but unfortunately the damage had been done—the nest broken up and sixteen little quails lost. At least so it seemed to me.

But, going back the next day, I saw the male bird on the eggs. Day after day I went to the spot always to find him on the nest. Then one day the nest was empty; egg shells scattered about told what had happened. The father quail had hatched his brood.

ANOTHER PRACTICAL OPTIMIST

THE anecdote of the Practical Optimist, which appeared recently in The Companion, reminds a reader of another optimist, an old Western farmer. His house stood on the high bank of the river, but his farm lay in the bottom lands.

One spring the river overflowed, and the farm was covered with water to a depth of several feet. His nephew went down to call on the old gentleman and found him standing on the bank looking out across the waters that covered his ruined crops. Approaching his uncle, he said, "Well, Uncle Mort, that looks rather bad, don't it?"

But as the old man turned to his nephew there was the customary twinkle in his eyes. "Well," he said, "maybe it is bad for my crops, but anyhow it will drown those pesky gophers!"

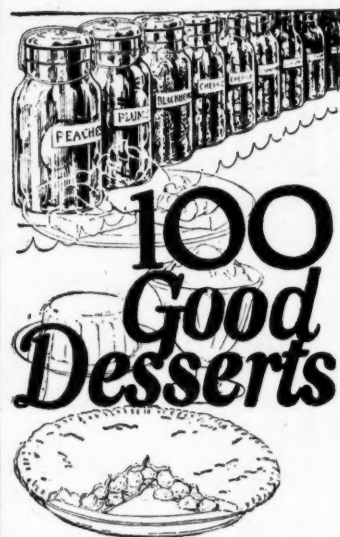
"SIR-R-R-R!" SAID THE CASHIER

A CUSTOMER who had just finished his dinner at a restaurant that the Baltimore American knows of deferentially approached the pretty cashier and inquired:

"Are the waiters here attentive to you?"

"Sir-r-r-r!" exclaimed the young woman in an offended tone.

"Oh, no offense, I assure you," replied the man. "I was only carrying out the instructions printed on the bill of fare, which say: 'Please report any inattention of waiters to cashier.' And I thought if they were inattentive to you I would report them, that's all."



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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 TEN CENTS A COPY



NAN: SPEAKER FOR THE NEGATIVE

By Charlotte E. Wilder

"H, Betty, how could you!" Jeanette dug her hands into the pockets of her red sweater and walked about the room, too much disturbed to take a chair and make herself comfortable.

Betty on the contrary stretched herself out on the couch, pushed a cushion up under her head and went on munching an apple. "Ask the teacher," she answered between bites. "She flunked me. Ask my father; he gave me what little brains I have. I can not do mathematics, and that's all there is to it!"

"But you could have tutored or something. You'll have to now, so you might have begun sooner." Jeanette stood still and looked morosely out of the window. "Well, I suppose it's no good talking. But there's simply no hope for the debate. We haven't got another person to take your place."

"There's Dorothy," Betty's eager reply and the way she followed Jeanette with her eyes showed that she was really worried about the future of the Bloomfield School's debating team. "She could get it up in time, I'm dead sure. Why, she has all of ten days, and you know she's a whiz at it."

Jeanette picked out an apple and bit into it viciously. "Yes, of course she could. But you know she always antagonizes the judges from the start with her sarcastic speeches. If she'd only stop thinking so much about number one, and how wonderful she is! I'd rather have any other partner than her in this debate. Come in!" she said in answer to a quiet knock at the door.

A head peered in, a brown sleek head with a shy pair of brown eyes and a pointed chin.

"Hello, Nan; what can I do for you?" asked Jeanette, standing in the middle of the room and giving her a long quizzical look.

Nan's cheeks grew pink. "I thought Dorothy might be here," she said.

"No, darling," drawled Jeanette. "Won't you come in anyway? It's only us, such as we are."

"No, thanks," the girl answered. "I was just looking for her." And the door shut quickly.

"Funny kid," said Jeanette, shying her apple core into the wastebasket. "How she and Dorothy manage to hit it off is beyond me. The fact is, I guess Dorothy wasn't too well-pleased when she got her for a roommate. But Nan certainly does adore her. You know, joking aside, Nan's done some good work getting up the facts for the debate."

She's been through the bibliography, sorted out the statistics and handed us the results. She's a useful creature, quite too nice to waste her worship on the great and noble Dorothy. But she is a mouse, an insignificant, timid, useful brown mouse!"

Betty listened without saying anything, settled her blonde head more comfortably on the cushion and shut her eyes. She was thinking hard. Suddenly she said: "How about her for the debate? Did that ever occur to you?"

Jeanette swung round and stared at her roommate. Then she broke into a laugh. "Well, I can't say

it ever did. Miss Nan Brent, second speaker for the negative. You've overlooked one minor detail: she couldn't make a speech to save her neck."

There came another knock at the door, but this time the panels shook with the pounding, and six girls piled in without waiting for an invitation. They found seats all about the room—on the floor and on the window ledges—and started right in to discuss the debate from beginning to end.

"If Holmes Hall gets it again this year, it will be perfectly hopeless," said one girl, spreading the black tie of her "middy" all over her chest and fastening one side of it up with a fraternity pin. "They've beat us three years running, and we'll simply be extinct as far as debating is concerned. There's Dorothy of course; she won't disgrace us, because she has brains, but we can't hope to get the decision. I can just see her walking up to the front of the platform, putting her chin out and sniffing right at the judges: 'Mr. Chairman, gentlemen of the jury, fr-r-iends, Acts as if she were the one and only debater the world will ever see!'"

This girl, the class clown, had the others in gales of laughter before she had done with Dorothy.

Betty slipped out while the talk was still raging and went to keep an appointment with the principal of the school. Since she was one of the most lovable, popular and able girls of the school, the principal found it hard to say no to her appeal, but she said it and was firm. Anyone who could be the best debator at Bloomfield should be able to master a little subject like mathematics. She did not phrase the idea in just those words, but that was the gist of it. She was sorry, but Betty as president of the club would have to choose a substitute. So the door slammed—no, it didn't slam; it closed on a slow spring, but it shut definitely, absolutely on the faint hope that Betty had had of being reinstated.

The girl wandered over to Dorothy's room and found Nan there alone curled up in a big chair. The room looked like Nan and Dorothy, the queerest misfits that ever roomed together in a school. One side of it was plastered with all the pretty things that money and taste can buy. There were piles of cretonne and chintz cushions, a silver toilet set on the dresser, prints from Italy and Japan on the walls, pretty boxes and vases. That was Dorothy's side. Nan had a small table for a desk with one unmounted photograph on it, some second-hand books and a few green and brown cushions well-flattened with wear.

The girls knew little about Nan except that she spent her vacations with some sort of guardian, and that she never asked any of the girls home with her for the holidays. So they had come just to accept her as they accepted the janitor and the cook—a nice little thing and useful.

"Hello, Nan," said Betty, stepping in at the open door. "It's my turn to want to see Dorothy. Have you found her?"

"Yes. She'll be back in a minute." Betty let herself down into a chair and crossed her knees, humming softly and looking hard at Nan. "Say," she said finally, "did you ever think of going out for debating—the speech making, I mean? You do all the hard work behind the scenes so well, you know."

"Yes," said Nan, looking at the opposite wall dreamily. "I've wanted to, but I thought I'd wait until next year, when I'll be more used to it here."

Betty had to smile to herself at the quiet confidence of the remark. But she kept on watching Nan with her steady blue eyes. "The debate's only ten days off," she continued, "and we haven't got a second speaker. You know more about the subject than any of us. Would you like a chance to do it and help us out of a hole?"

"Oh, no," Nan shrank into the chair and looked at the door as if she wished Dorothy would come at once and save her. "I'd never, never do it."

"Why not?" inquired Betty, whose curiosity was roused. "You're the most natural person to pick."

"No," Nan shook her head violently. "I wouldn't dream of doing it. Thank you just the same."

At that moment Dorothy came in, trailing a long scarf and pulling off her fur coat.

"Love to," she said in answer to Betty's proposal while she busied herself in the closet, hanging up the coat. "I want a chance to show Holmes Hall where they get off. Of course I'm sorry about you, Betty," she put her nose out of the door to say, "but I did hate to wait till next year for my turn at the debate. Here, Nan, help me with my galoshes, that's a dear."

When the school heard that the matter was settled they drew a breath of relief. After all, they said, Dorothy could debate; there was no doubt about that, and maybe this time the judges wouldn't find her delivery so unpleasant. Anyway Bloomfield wouldn't be disgraced, and they'd put up a fight against Holmes Hall that would be worth watching. Still the chatters went

on talking about Dorothy and her cocksureness, and two or three of them decided to take it out of her if they got the chance. Their idea was that they would give her a hint, just a gentle hint for the sake of the school!

Then two days before the debate, just when Betty began to breathe more easily, because things were going so well, there came another knock at her door, a loud firm knock. She was the more astonished then to see Nan's head come in, and then her "gym" suit, and after that her feet clad in well-worn sneakers, as if she had come rushing over from class. Moreover, there were signs of tears on Nan's face.

"What's the matter?" cried Betty with a feeling of dreadful premonition.

"Dorothy's got to go home!"

"When?"

"Tonight. I got back from class and found her crying terribly. I never, never saw her so worked up. She wouldn't tell me why they sent for her."

"She can't go! That's all there is to it!" Betty exclaimed, frowning at Nan as if she were the cause of all the trouble. Then she bit her lip. "But of course she must. Listen, Nan; you'll have to do it. Promise you will. You know all the arguments. You've got to, do you hear?"

"Of course I will," said Nan calmly.

"You will?" Betty could hardly believe her ears. "But you said positively you wouldn't before."

It was Nan's turn to look astonished; as Betty said afterwards Nan looked at her as if she were some strange animal. "Why, of course I wouldn't before! I wouldn't have taken Dorothy's chance away from her for worlds."

The girl looked positively pretty as she stood there with her cheeks so red and her hair tumbled and that look, as if she expected some one to hit her, gone from her eyes. Nan had possibilities, distinct possibilities, Betty said to herself. Then her heart took a rapid plunge into her boots. Nan was obliging and all that, but, good gracious, could she do it?

She brought out a telegram from her coat pocket



DRAWINGS BY
B. J. ROSENMEYER

"I'll coach you all you want," she said hastily.

Nan shook her head. "That's sweet of you, but you know you have that math exam to make up. I'll get Miss Nolan to help me."

Betty nodded and felt some of the load lift from her mind. Miss Nolan, English instructor and the faculty advisor of the debating club, would be sure to do as much for Nan in two days as anyone could.

Betty was too busy the next day to think of the debate. When she asked her roommate about it at dinner Jeanette shook her head. "She's got her speech planned out beautifully. She won't have any trouble about what to say if she can only put it across. I just haven't had a chance to hear her practice it. She's been using the auditorium, but I've been too busy myself to listen to her. Miss Nolan says she's all right. So twiddle your thumbs and hope for the best."

The auditorium was crammed with a nervous, expectant host of girls, and applause that indicated relief from the strain broke out when the four speakers came through the door and took their places on opposite sides of the platform. Bloomfield to a girl fastened its gaze on the second speaker for the negative, who had taken her seat quietly and was arranging her little bunch of notes. Comments were running from mouth to mouth: "Oh, girls, the fatal moment!" "Is there a doctor in the audience?" "She looks calm enough." "That's the trouble; if she'd only show a little fire!" Only Miss Nolan, in the back row with Betty beside her, sent a quick nod to Nan when she raised her eyes. Then the buzz of conversation died as the chairman began explaining the rules of the contest.

Holmes Hall led off with a sort of careless assurance. Their speaker was a good, solid, sensible girl with no charm; when she sat down Betty sighed a little with relief. Jeanette she knew could beat her at her own game. Jeanette was dependable, and she had besides that elusive thing, personality. Her speech was sound and bright, and she pushed home her points with pretty sincerity. There was a burst of applause as she finished, and the judges could be seen nodding pleasantly to themselves and writing in their little notebooks.

Holmes Hall then put forward their other and better speaker. Betty groaned inaudibly when the girl finally sat down. She had been like a breeze, refreshing and witty. It is true that she was a bit shy on facts; she had spent a good deal of time appealing to the listeners' emotions,—Betty hoped the judges had made note of that,—and yet she seemed to have put Holmes Hall far ahead. There was little hope, and miracles don't happen.

A hush fell as Nan came forward. Betty groaned again as she saw that Nan had her stack of notes. Nobody else had notes. Of course Nan couldn't be blamed,—debating on two days' notice!—but notes so often detract from the ease of delivery.

Nan lifted her head, looked right into their eyes and began. Her voice came out smooth and clear with a hint of a laugh in it. Bloomfield, and Betty in particular, sat perfectly still and stared. The mouse was talking, conversationally, convincingly, as if she were at home in her room, standing by an open hearth, arguing with her best friends on a subject dear to her. Her voice rose and fell; she hardly consulted her notes; when she mentioned her "honorable opponents" she turned and bowed slightly. To all the girls of her school, sitting still and holding their breath, it seemed a miracle. Miss Nolan, up in the back row, could have told them that shy clever girls are often only at ease before a crowd, that the retiring girl sometimes is the born public speaker.

Nan went on adding argument to argument as if she were building a firm, strong house, and the gestures of her hand seemed to drive each point home as nails are driven into the boards. She hadn't the vivacity and wit of the preceding speaker, because after all Nan was Nan, but she had more than that—a light, easy touch that made her facts interesting. "We have demonstrated—" She was finishing, summing it all up, and as she concluded the thunder of applause that broke out put the period—or rather the exclamation point—to her last sentence.

Holmes Hall put up a losing fight in the rebuttal, and Bloomfield thoroughly approved of the judge's decision. Nan, looking really pretty this time, with excitement coloring her cheeks, came down from the platform; the old timidity was already trying to get the better of her happiness.

Betty caught her before she could slip

into her brown coat and hat. "No, you don't!" she said. "This is your party," and she led her up to the others with her arm round her waist. "Meet the new champion!" she called, and the others crowded round.

Later that night as she left Nan at her door Betty squeezed her arm and said: "It was just about perfect, wasn't it?"

"Yes and no," said Nan slowly. "There's one thing—I guess I'll tell you about it. I got this from Dorothy this afternoon."

She brought out a telegram from her coat

pocket. Dorothy characteristically had written a whole letter in it:

"Nan. The girls made it pretty plain they didn't want me. That's why I went home. Didn't care what happened to the old debate. I guess most of the things they said to me were about right. If you'll have me, I want to room with you next year. Dot."

Betty read it with a serious face. "Say,"

she said, "I'm ever so sorry that happened!" Nan took the telegram and folded it away in her pocket. "I didn't know that was the reason, or I wouldn't have let her go," she

said. "There really is a lot to her, and I guess she's pretty cut up about the whole business." Then she smiled. "That last sentence makes everything more than right with me."

Betty twisted the doorknob in her hand without raising her eyes. "It'll be different from now on," she said. Then she too looked up and flashed a smile at her companion. "Say, if I keep on flunking math I can come back next year. It would be worth it to see you beat up Holmes Hall again, you and Dorothy!"

CROW-BAIT



DRAWINGS BY
RODNEY THOMSON

LL was excitement in camp. Troop X, which had been stagnating at its post on the Mexican border, had got its orders to move, not on an errand of destruction, but on one of mercy. Two army aviators, rising from San Diego two days before, had set a course across the desert and desolate border region for Tucson and had not been heard from since. Upon Troop X in common with other cavalry units on the Arizona-Mexico line devolved the duty of finding the missing airmen.

The captain rode out at the head of his troop, and behind him astride his big horse Prince rode Jonesy, the diminutive bugler. Abreast of him rode Calvin, the first sergeant. The "top" was at once Jonesy's chief protector and his chief tormentor. Jonesy, an inveterate practical joker, needed a protector from his victims and deserved a tormentor for the reason that he had victims. Now the "top" attacked him in a trooper's most vulnerable spot, his mount.

"How do you expect to keep up with the troop on that bog-spavined piece of crow-bait?" the sergeant began as they followed the trail that led southwestward into the deeper desert. "He's only got three good legs under him now."

"Rather have a horse with three good legs than four poor ones, not mentioning any names," Jonesy retorted.

The "top" only grunted. "If we don't find that aeroplane, I reckon you'll have to walk home," he remarked. "Prince'll die of old age before we get back."

"Huh! Ten-year job, eh?" Jonesy inquired guilelessly. "Seems as though it hadn't ought to take as long as that."

The sergeant threw him a glance of supreme disgust. "Listen, Jones," he said. "If this search lasts ten days, those big black birds up there will be eating horse flesh, and I can guess what horse it will be."

Jonesy glanced skyward to where a pair of slowly circling vultures spread ragged

black wings against a faultless sky of blue. There was an air of patient waiting in the lazy swing of the great birds across the heavens that sent the shivers running down his spine. Moreover, there was enough truth in the sergeant's jest to rob it of its humor. For Prince was not so young as he might have been. It is true he still held his head high and pranced off at the start of the day with much curvetting and champing of bit, but that, alas, was the vanity of old age rather than the petulance of youth.

Prince, an old horse then, had been assigned to Jonesy on his first enlistment, and the bugler was now well into his second. Jonesy had come to love him for his pride and grit and had withstood all suggestions and offers of a change of mount. By reason of his light weight and expert horsemanship the bugler had nursed his animal through marches and campaigns that had broken stronger and younger mounts. But the time was coming when old age would not be denied and Jonesy and his pet must part forever. The bugler did not like to dwell on that time.

The first day's march was comparatively easy for Prince and his rider. With the captain, the bugler and the wagon as a base the rest of the troop spread out on either flank as best they could in that country of rock and sand, cactus and mesquite and inquired of the scattered whites—who might be counted on the fingers of one hand—and the stolid Indians concerning the lost plane.

The first day's search was fruitless. Camp was made beside a dwindling stream that furnished scarcely enough water for man and horse. The first sergeant had ridden in with his detail, tired, hot and none too good-tempered. Jonesy could not even get a response to his grin of welcome, but the little fellow had been skirmishing round in that treeless country for firewood and had found sufficient dead mesquite to warm his and the sergeant's allotment of canned beans and to boil their coffee, which put the sergeant in better humor.

Yet he was by no means pleased with the prospect. "Like looking for a needle in a haystack," he remarked when the two stretched out on the cooling sand before rolling up in their blankets for the night. "Climbed a small mountain and got a look ahead just 'fore I started back," the sergeant went on, "and if it was bad going today it'll be worse tomorrow. Just a jumble of rock and sand uglier than sin and drier than bone. Your old skate may climb up one of those old volcanoes," he added a bit cruelly, "but if he ever has to make his way down, good night! Those foundered forelegs will give way sure as preaching."

By Edwin Cole

"Foundered nothing!" retorted Jonesy with spirit. "What old Prince can't climb down he can slide down, and he'll be all there at the bottom."

"Uh, huh," agreed the sergeant with sarcasm, "he'll be all there, but it'll take some time to collect the pieces."

"Leave it to me," retorted Jonesy with an assurance that he was far from feeling.

Wrapped in slicker and blanket, the troop shivered through a night that was as cold as the day was hot. Nor was there wood enough in the morning to cook their coffee, and they started the day wrong with a cold breakfast. The horses were watered and canteens were filled with the none too palatable water of the stream. Orders were given to use it sparingly, for the next water hole was forty miles away and might be dry.

This day the captain left the first sergeant with the base detail and rode forth himself with a squad. And with him rode Jonesy, and as he remembered the "top's" prediction his heart sank.

The sergeant had not exaggerated the difficulties. They had come into an old volcanic area, and ugly peaks rose everywhere round them. Lava fields spread treacherous footing before them. Often they had to dismount under a sun that mercilessly pierced the felt of their hats and lead the horses. The temptation to drink was well nigh irresistible, but Jonesy was an old campaigner and used his canteen only to moisten his cracking lips.

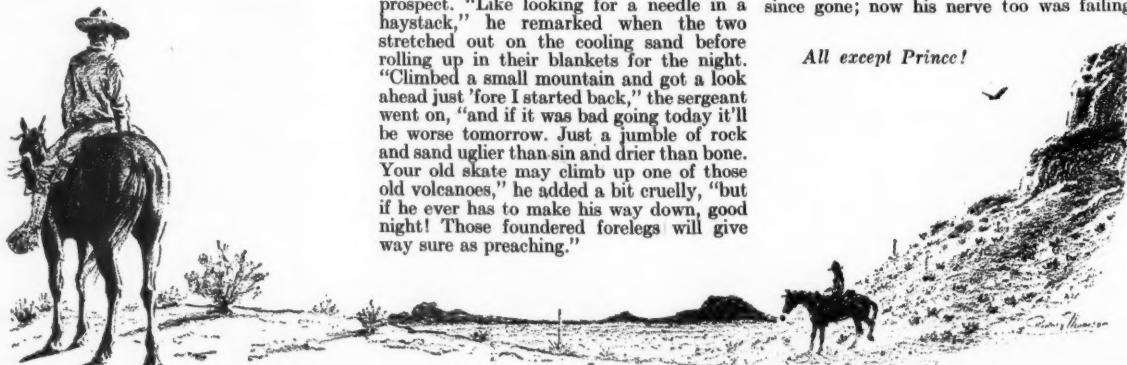
"My idea of a hot place, men," the captain remarked as they stopped at noon in the doubtful shade of a mesquite bush to eat canned salmon and dried bread from the saddle bags.

Jonesy, who was hand-rubbing the quivering tendons of his ancient mount, agreed with weary heartiness. He had favored Prince as much as he could and had dismounted and walked whenever he might do so without holding up the progress of the squad; but even so the old horse had felt his way down the steeper declivities with the cautiousness of a cat. And they had covered only half the distance to the water hole.

After a short rest the captain took up the march. Jonesy mounted and sounded off with cracked lips, and the various units of the troop moved forward, keeping in touch with one another and guiding right on the captain. Under the scorching sun the details crawled over the face of the terrible country, avoiding peaks when they could and climbing when they could not. The long hours of the afternoon went by on leaden feet. The sun lost something of its fierceness, but gained by glaring in their faces as it lowered toward the jagged western hills. Then the glad word passed from trooper to trooper, from detail to detail, that the "top" had found the water hole, and that there was water in it. Slowly but thankfully the squads converged inward toward their base; the horses by instinct increased their pace as they neared water.

All except Prince! His endurance had long since gone; now his nerve too was failing

All except Prince!



him. Jonesy asked permission to drop behind and lead him in, and the captain gruffly assented. Heat, weariness and lack of success had had their effect on the "old man." "Never should have brought that piece of crow-bait in," he admonished poor Jonesy.

Night had fallen by the time Jonesy led his cripple into camp. He let Prince drink sparingly at a lower hole set aside for the animals before he quenched his own thirst, and later when he had eaten a cold supper he let him drink his fill and fed him his scanty allowance of grain. Long after the other troopers had stretched their weary limbs on the unyielding ground for the night's rest the little bugler was out hand-rubbing his mount.

Calvin was awake, however, when Jonesy crawled into his blankets beside him. He had had a comparatively easy day of it, riding over an old trail to the water hole with the wagon, and should have been in a more cordial mood, but the captain, not satisfied with his caustic comment to Jonesy, had passed it on to the first sergeant, and Calvin could not sleep until he had "taken it out" on the poor bugler.

"You're to stay here tomorrow, Jones, and rest up that crow-bait. The troop's going on ahead for half a day's march and then back here to the hole. You're one healthy bugler," he added. "If you'd taken my advice a year ago and got rid of that skate, you'd have been some use to the captain today instead of a dead weight."

Jonesy was too weary and too much hurt to attempt retort, and the sergeant, further angered by his silence, added viciously, "If your crow-bait ain't in any better shape when we get back, it'll get a forty-five through its head, and you'll walk home behind the wagon."

Then Jonesy lost his temper. "Crow-bait! Crow-bait! Crow-bait! For heaven's sake,ARGE, let up on that crow-bait!" he said with a rising voice. "You'd think there wasn't another word in the English language but crow-bait. The horse will be going strong when that old crow-bait of yours is dead and—"

"Stop that talking and go to sleep," interrupted the voice of the captain from the base of a neighboring rock.

Jonesy subsided, and so did the sergeant, though not without a muttered last retort. "There's no other word but crow-bait in the English language that will describe him."

There is no denying that it was a cruel test of Jonesy's affection for old Prince next morning when the troop rode away without him. Even his bugle was taken from him; Sawyer, who couldn't sound assembly without cracking, carried the prized instrument. It was at that stiff price that temporary respite was won for old Prince, and poor Jonesy was cruelly torn between the trooper's pride in "sticking to" his outfit and affection for his mount. As for poor old Prince, he seemed to be more lonesome even than his master, for the picket line had been left up pending the return of the troop that night, and Prince had it all to himself.

Jonesy divided his time between massaging the horse and resting in the shade of a huge boulder, but his mind was out with the troop.

What if, as was possible in that country of tumbled rock and broken lava, they should miss the aviators by the span of one man? His affection for old Prince had overridden his pride in the troop. He saw that now.

By noon the sun had searched out all the shady spots. For want of anything better to do, Jonesy set out to climb a hill south of the camp with the purpose of sighting the returning troop. The hill was farther away and steeper than it had seemed from camp. Jonesy had taken its easiest gradient, a wide strip of lava that made progress a constant toil and danger. But the little bugler was in a mood to flagellate himself; drenched with perspiration, he climbed on and up. With the summit but a short distance above him he stopped and uttered a sudden imprecation; at no great elevation above the peak the black body of a great vulture was winging slowly by. As Jonesy watched, the big bird banked and swung in a circle.

"So you're after me now, are you?" Jonesy panted aloud his first thought. "Well, you

won't get me—or Prince either! Not if I can help it."

And then he started. Was it the live trooper that the bird was after or a dead aviator? Jonesy took up the climb with new energy, and another five minutes brought his head above the crest of the rise. He stopped in amazement. Where he had expected to find the descending slope of the opposite side of the hill was a void that fell away to sickening depths. A valley lay at his feet, but it was no ordinary valley; it was like a great teacup with here and there the rim of it chipped off. The spot where he was standing was the greatest of the chips. Jonesy knew the depression at once for the crater of an extinct volcano. He had seen an occasional one, but none so deep and symmetrical as this.

"I'd hate to fall in there!" the trooper mused with a shudder. "Wonder if you could ever get out?"

Sand covered the bottom of the cup, and sprinkled over it like raisins in a pudding were what he took to be mesquite bushes, or organ cactuses. The walls seemed perpendicular except at the spot where he was standing, where apparently the great mass of lava had broken through and spread over the valley that he had left. And there on the inside of the cup subsiding waves of the molten rock had left a succession of rough steps by which an agile man might descend.

And then as Jonesy's gaze wandered again out over that vast pit it was caught and held by a stone near the centre—a stone that gave the impression of a broken cross a shade darker than the surrounding sand—a long, rectangular shape lying flat with a slender shaft running at right angles to it. No, it was not a cross, yet it was vaguely familiar. Then it became overwhelmingly familiar, and Jonesy fairly staggered back from the edge of the pit. It was an aeroplane!

The climb, the heat and the excitement weakened the trooper's knees under him. He sank to earth and crept back to the edge of the pit; his fascinated gaze reverted to that strange inhabitant of the crater. Then into his vision, like an emblem of death, flapped the ragged-winged vulture, and Jonesy knew that it was neither he nor Prince, but the erstwhile crew of that unfortunate ship that the carrion hunter was waiting for. Waiting for? Yes, unless he had startled it to flight by his approach!

Jonesy made his way down the rough steps of lava until he came to a fault where the wall dropped away sheer. He peered over the edge of the drop. It was fifty feet at least to the sand below, and there was no sign of a foothold, not even of a handhold. Perhaps there was another way down. He climbed laboriously back the way he had come, and in the hot sun he made his way round the great teacup, now near enough to the edge to get a view of the bottom, but for the most part well back from it because he could not climb the rocky barrier that guarded it.

He came back at last to his starting point, not any the wiser and much more tired. "Nothing to it. This is the only way down," he admitted to himself.

He sat down to think it over. There was no sign of life in the pit below—unless that big buzzard soaring over it was a sign. But for the hovering vulture he might have awaited the return of the troop. Perhaps the airmen had escaped by some path hidden to him—and perhaps not. No. He must be sure, and to be sure he must get down there. Then he thought of Prince and the picket line. That would do it, the picket line! But could he ever carry it up that steep hill alone? No, Prince would have to do it, inform though he was.

So Jonesy made his way down the tortured lava to camp. Prince whinnied as his master approached. He eyed him reproachfully when he threw the heavy coils of the picket line across the saddle. Afoot Jonesy led the obedient animal; nursing him over the worst spots in the trail, the little bugler at last reached the crest of the hill.

It was an easy matter to drag the line down to the edge of the cliff. A jagged spur of lava made a good hitching post. Jonesy made one end of the line fast to it and paid



Jonesy had half to lead, half to carry, them one at a time

out the coils. It more than reached. But for once Jonesy wished he were a sailor instead of a soldier. With a firm grasp on the rope he slipped over the edge and lowered himself endlessly until his feet touched solid earth. Then he turned his back on the wall and set out across the bottom of the tea cup, which he now saw was at least half a mile in diameter.

No air stirred there. Sun met sand in a swelter of heat; the waves of it seemed liquid. He stumbled on over the white, hot floor of sand until the wings of the aeroplane rose before him above stunted mesquite and thorny cactus. He faltered on, dreading what he might see; and as he neared the plane he saw—nothing!

For a moment he was puzzled; then he understood. The plane had nosed a bit into the sand, but had not crashed. Then if her crew were not here they must have escaped with their lives. Perhaps there was a way out of the pit after all.

The frightful heat made him dizzy. Wherever they were, they would not stay out under the sun. Rather they would seek what shade those vertical walls afforded. It was the western walls that offered shade now, a narrow strip that would broaden rapidly with the sinking sun. Jonesy struck out for it, counting his steps across the terrible pit. "Shady now, yes, but how about the morning hours?" he muttered and pictured the two men dragging their weary limbs after a fast diminishing shadow as the sun rose toward the zenith and sought them inexorably out.

Nor was he far wrong. It was no sound that attracted him, but a weak flutter of something off to his right. He stopped in his tracks at sight of two figures crouched against an overhanging wall of rock that at that time of day gave no shade. They sat propped against the wall, waving feebly, and it seemed to the approaching trooper inately, for, though their cracked lips moved, no words came from them, and their eyes had receded so that they seemed to glower at him. He hurried to them and, soaking his handkerchief with water from his canteen, let them suck it dry in turn. He dared not let either drink from the canteen, lest one take it all in his madness and so rob the other.

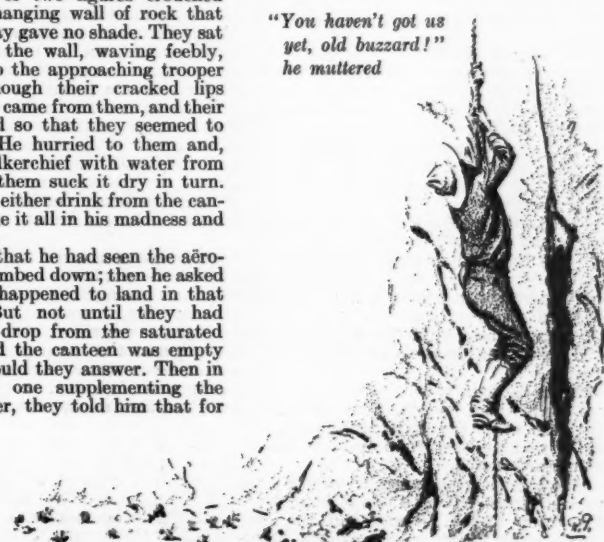
He told them that he had seen the aeroplane and had climbed down; then he asked them how they happened to land in that terrible spot. But not until they had sucked the last drop from the saturated handkerchief and the canteen was empty could they or would they answer. Then in husky whispers, one supplementing the story of the other, they told him that for

some unknown reason their engine had gone dead, and that the bottom of the pit had offered the only smooth spot for landing. Not until they had dropped beneath the rim did they realize the depth of it and the steepness of the walls. As they landed the stump of a mesquite bush had broken the gasoline line and drained the tank before they could stop it. For three days they had sought a way out of this awful pit without success. In the first two days they had finished their emergency rations and drunk the last of two quart vacuum bottles of tea and coffee. The third day they had lived on half a dozen oranges. The fourth day they had been without food or drink, stumbling half crazily round the pit after the shade that dwindled as the sun neared the zenith. And with the dawning of the present day they had given up hope and resigned themselves to their fate. They had not seen Jonesy descend. Not until he had left the aeroplane in his search for them had they rubbed their eyes to make sure that the brown figure approaching across the floor of the valley had substance and was not the creature of hope and imagination.

And now they were so feeble that Jonesy had half to lead, half to carry, them one at a time back to the point of his descent, where the declining sun had left a grateful shade. There they watched him as he made ready to climb out of the pit, for without help from outside they could not escape in their present condition; nor could he draw them up. Indeed he wondered whether he could draw himself up.

He tested the rope; it withstood his strongest jerks. Then he started up it hand

"You haven't got us yet, old buzzard!" he muttered



over hand. His light weight favored him, and he was wiry by nature, but it takes practice to climb a rope. Slower and slower he ascended. His muscles ached cruelly; his wind grew short.

He tried with little success to grip the rope between his legs. He glanced upward; he was little more than halfway to the top. With an effort that took all his remaining strength he hung by one hand and with the other drew a bight of the rope up through his legs and managed to make a half hitch with it. In this seat, which threatened to shut off the circulation from one leg, he hung against the face of the cliff.

Below him the airmen were anxiously watching his progress. A glance above revealed the black watcher of the skies, an interested spectator. Jonesy set his jaw. "You haven't got us yet, old buzzard!" he muttered.

His strength came slowly back. He needed it all, for he should never be able to raise the heavy picket line again to make a sling.

It was over the top or down to the bottom, for with his strength gone he knew he could not check his descent.

He drew out the half hitch and started upward again, swinging about as he climbed, now face to the smooth wall of the cliff, now back to it. He did not dare look upward, but fought on hand over hand.

Perspiration blinded him; his muscles cried out with pain; his breathing was a succession of gasps. Now his hands rubbed the rock as he pulled himself upward.

He must be near the top. He glanced above him in desperation. Another six feet to go!

It was a matter of inches now. There was no lift to his muscles; it was one hand above the other, with the rock crushing his fingers as he neared the spot where the rope ran over the edge of the cliff. Could he ever get by that spot?

It seemed that he could not. He had reached the limit of his endurance. He hung with his hands bruised by the rock a foot from the top. He had not the strength to raise himself another inch. A foot away was safety,—safety for himself and rescue for the two anxious watchers below,—and he could not make that foot. Make the foot? He could not hold what he had made! A few seconds and he should go down like a plummet.

Then as his feet clawed against the bare face of the ledge his right foot met a slight cavity and came back to it instinctively—came back and held! Jonesy remembered it now; it was hardly more than an indentation of an inch or two, but enough for that wandering toe to find a temporary grip.

The terrible strain on the muscles of arm and shoulder and wrist lessened and shifted to the muscles of foot and leg that held the precarious grip.

It was now or never! With all his remaining strength Jonesy swung his body wildly upward. His left foot caught the edge of the cliff; the knee followed. There was a moment when his weight hung suspended by the balance of an ounce, and then he was over the top, lying face down on the ledge, fighting against a dizziness that threatened to undo all that he had gained.

Darkness had come when Jonesy climbed the steps of lava to the crest of the surrounding hill. Even Prince had deserted him—made his way to the water hole, Jonesy guessed.

The little bugler dragged himself downward over the broken lava. Below he caught the glint of a camp fire. The troop had returned.

And into the light of the fire he staggered sometime later and told his story.

Once again that night Jonesy had to make the trip back up the mountain; the relief party must have a guide. There his part in the rescue ended, however, for others were sent down the rope with food and water and blankets for the exhausted airmen.

When daylight came a dozen lusty troopers drew them and their rescuers up to the ledge at the end of the picket line.

By midday the troop had started its homeward march.

The airmen, responding to proper care, were stretched out on a pile of blankets in the troop wagon. Jonesy had the offer of the same means of conveyance, so de-

lighted was the captain with his part in the success of the expedition; but Prince had "come back," and instead the

little bugler rode at his usual place beside the "top." And Jonesy was happy, for in all that big bowl of heaven above no ugly

blotch of black spotted the serene blue. The vultures had departed for more promising hunting grounds.

COURTESY BEGINS AT HOME

By Samuel S. Drury



HAT a pleasure it is to look out of the windows of a railway train! More absorbing than newspaper or book is the panorama of distractions—cities and suburbs, meadows and woods that display every sort of human activity and

rouse many subjects for speculation. Surely we never tire, you and I, of looking out of the car windows.

What is this line of glorious pink, sometimes alternating with crimson, that I scan from the windows in June as the train goes dashing on? Yes, miles of pink blossoms along the track, making the journey glorious. As the train slows down I discover that the banks of the cut are a mass of rambler roses, and that is the blossoming display which mile after mile delights the traveler. How uncommonly thoughtful, I ruminate, for the railway to turn ugly cuts into flower gardens just for you and me! I picture the president and the directors scrambling over gravel to plant the ramblers in order to make the journey bright! But further reflection tells me that stern utility has brought the roses there. These gracious ramblers have been planted, not to promote pleasure, but to insure the safe passage of the train.

Railway tracks run through cuts, the gravel banks of which in times of fresher or commotion menace the tracks. For look you: dampness dislodges now tiny pebbles and at last sizable rocks that any trembling brings rolling downward—first a handful of sand, then a pile of gravel and then a boulder. It means mischief when those gravel slopes descend upon the track. Something must be done to hold them together; the banks must be kept in place. A matted mass of tenacious vegetation must restrain the gravel and rocks from menacing the train. So it is that the rose vine with its gripping root and intertwining branches has proved the best agency to guard the track and the traveler. The gracious rose helps the proud express train to run smoothly and swiftly and to arrive on time!

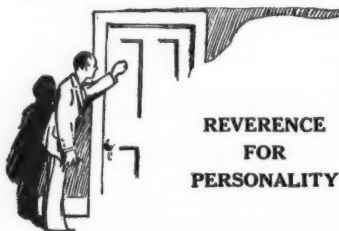


FAMILY PROGRESS

This experience can be transferred from the smooth running of trains to the smooth running of homes. We must learn to plant roses along the slopes of life. Just as bad weather and commotion disturb the railway cut and menace the safety of passengers, so the frictions of family life upset our quiet routine. Before we know it the safe and productive method of family progress is derailed. And all because we have not planted roses on the slopes! If the ponderous and perfected machinery of the locomotive is in a measure dependent on the ministrations of the rose, how much more will the fragile and unpredictable affairs of family life be benefited by such protection! For where you have people gathered together there will surely be the friction of varied temperaments, the contact if not the clashing of opposing views, the tremors of silent misunderstanding. All of them—not to crack the wind of our metaphor of the railway cut—bring down obstructions large or small on the smooth track of domestic procedure. Our obvious duty is to safeguard the family's progress from the dangerous slopes. Yes, we must plant the slopes of life with roses.

Courtesy, at first seeming only beautiful, holds beneath it a world of rational usefulness. The roses were not planted to look pretty, but to hold the bank; the courteous act is not enjoined to make life charming, but to make life strong. Effectiveness springs from serenity, and serenity is the child of that assured affection whose spokes-

man and proof is courtesy. Let me make it plainer. Here is a family—father, mother and four children. The children have been bred in ways of courtesy, or in methods of loving thoughtfulness expressed appropriately to any occasion. These children greet their parents with warmth. They embrace their mother in the morning. They rise when she or their father enters the room. They jump to pick up the dropped knitting or newspaper. These significant trifles assure the parents of an abiding companionship. When the father comes home tired, further thoughtfulness surrounds him. There are little surprises to amuse him and suggestions to take him on relaxing expeditions. These planted roses, these acts of courtesy, hold the family together by deep roots and tenacious branches.



REVERENCE FOR PERSONALITY

Finally trouble comes. The father's health fails, the business must be relinquished; the ways of plenty must be curtailed; but there is no smash, for no mean-spirited or importunate gravel or boulders of selfishness roll down on the track. The habit of courtesy, brave with its blossoms and strong with its cohering branches, has repressed all chance of confusion, and the family remains even more a unit in times of trouble than in days of prosperity. Thus courtesy in a family is indispensable; every courteous son or daughter is a planter of supporting roses along the slopes of life.

To say that courtesy begins at home may sound selfish. It is selfish if the family is regarded as a sort of squirrels' storehouse to which everything is secretively brought and there privately consumed. But if the family is a gymnasium of virtue or, better still, a power plant whence irradiate lines of power and light, the dictum promotes, not selfishness, but sound common sense. All the virtues should begin at home, and none should end there. The home is a power house where we learn the arts of life and whence they are dispensed wherever there is need.

That our country needs courtesy no one can question. We are a sympathetic people and an emotional people, but we are not outstandingly a courteous race. Our inordinate love of speed and our worship of "getting there" have shoved the tender practices of courtesy aside. By proclaiming that courtesy begins at home we are pleading for a home life that will cultivate the thoughtfulness and affection that the nation needs. Let then each one of us consider his own family, regarding his home as a power plant to generate this needed grace, which means the strength, of courtesy. Let each of us plan reforms in conduct that will enable us by our behavior to generate thoughtfulness in action, beginning with the family, for the world beyond.

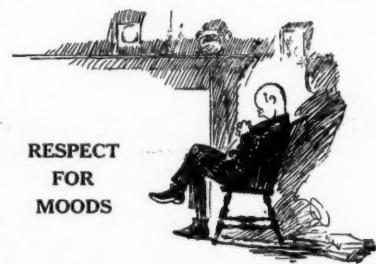
Let us work out together certain rules of courtesy at home. Suppose we call them the three R's of domestic behavior. Families assembled under one roof and often in contracted quarters, with all their delightful intimacy, present the defects of those very conditions. Familiarity can breed contempt. The first rule of courtesy in homes should be an intense Reverence for personality. You probably know that picture by Holman Hunt called the Light of the World. A symbolic figure of Christ holding a lantern stands outside a vine-clad door. What the vines mean in the picture—and they mean much—we must pass over. Two things are significant here. The Light of the World stands knocking at the door. The door, moreover, is peculiar in that on the outside it has no knob. That is a symbol of personality and an example of respect for personality. Everyone deserves the protection of having the knob of his nature inside, and even the

Lord of Life refuses to force Himself into the sanctum of another's personality. He stands and knocks. He might by right of eminent domain force an entrance, but He will not, for He respects every other person. He waits for the door to be opened from within.

Now family life can be intimate to the point of intrusion, which means the bruising and the ultimate damage of personality. Members of a family must safeguard the personal rights of one another. To knock at one another's doors may seem formal, but the hesitation to rush in on another's privacy is a sane recognition of the other's rights. All of us who live in families should remember the symbolic door in the picture. Though only one roof covers us, and though we may own the house together, each person's door has but one knob, and that knob is on the inside!

Beyond this physical protection from the incursions of one another the great picture enforces yet another lesson—the lesson of reverence for private property. I refer not to the property of things but to the property of thoughts. We cannot rush in on one another's plans or interests with curiosity and criticism just because we are housed beneath the same roof. Family life should provide no sanction for a prying disregard for the private property of thought. Mary Brown and Jane Brown are sisters. The surname indicates family ties and corporate claims, but Mary is an individual, and so is Jane. Neither owns the mind of the other and therefore has no liberty to trespass there. Brothers and sisters must knock for entrance into the sanctuary of one another's convictions or even of one another's opinions.

Happy the family, however, that can exchange opinions with blithe good temper. Secretiveness in minor matters does not mean depth of character. We know that fools rush in where angels fear to tread, but there are plenty of pleasantly trivial subjects where the free give and take of opinion should range without fear of a hurting intrusion. Good-temperedly to hear our own prejudices ridiculed is part of household courtesy. The give and take of normal criticism in fields that are not private betokens a happy home where the most agreeable time is not always the agreeing time.



RESPECT FOR MOODS

Next to reverence for the person and the private thoughts of our relatives comes a Respect for varying moods. Mind! I am not exalting or even defending moodiness. Far from it. The cultivation of temperament is a sorry cult with which normal boys and girls have nothing to do. It is a fact, however, that, without being moody, normal people's mental temperature does vary, and it is a basic principle of courtesy to respect the high tides and low tides of another's soul. That requires a sensitized perception. Tom must somehow become aware of his mother's weariness, his father's occasional irritability, his sister's desire for solitude. The moods of a family are not synchronized. You have probably discovered that we are not all merry all at once or meditative all at once or all prepared to see the point of the same joke all together. The family is an orchestra the music of which depends on harmony and not on unison. Whereas at this moment you are robust with stalwart energy and would cause the house to rock with your singing, your sister may be craving a reasonable quiet. The victory of courtesy is to

achieve harmony between varying moods. Courtesy is essentially unselfish. Like love, it seeketh not its own and does not behave itself unseemly. Why should all the family jump with your mood? If you are tired, would you have all the household assume a melancholic quiet? If you are uproarious, must the whole family join you in a "rough house?" Courtesy gently enforces a vast respect for everyone else and does not churlishly resent it when others do not sing the tune of our passing mood. What we expect for ourselves we must generously provide for others. Respect the ups and downs of every member of the family. Just as you are aware of strangely unexpected quips and cranks and wanton wiles in your own mental experience, so charitably handle the mental life of others and show respect, a tender tactfulness, for another's moods.

The last of our three basic R's for the courtesy that begins at home is Reticence. I wonder if we realize how essentially discourteous, wearying and bruising to other people too much talk is. The courteous man by and large is a quiet man. The old proverb

says: A silent and a loving woman is a gift from the Lord. Reticence is a prime ingredient in courtesy, for courtesy consists, not in saying sweet nothings, but rather in doing sweet somethings. Courtesy reinforcing companionship does not need words to prove its strength and tonic. To quote from Wordsworth:

I am not one who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk . . .
Better than such discourse does silence long,
Long, barren silence, square with my desire,
To sit without emotion, hope or aim
In the loved presence of my cottage fire.

That there is a tonic companionship in apparently barren silence no one will deny. Reticence and low-voiced quiet are essential to courtesy and are basic principles of the happy family. If each of us wore a pedometer, surprise would greet our reading of the long distance that we had covered in a day. Would that a verbometer might be invented to be adjusted as one wears glasses or carries a watch! At the end of the day should not our verbosity overcome us as we read the undeniable tally of our thousands of words!

Reticence! Reticence! To be a strong, dependable brother and son without forever talking, to be a dependable friend without making a noise—those are elements of courtesy, for courtesy means considerateness that nourishes and love that upholds.

Courtesy begins at home. Yes, and the home deserves our best. Our thoughtfulness centres at the hearth, because the domestic scene is a heavenly ordinance. But courtesy, bred in those dear surroundings and exercised freely there, has a lesson beyond the loved circle of the family. The principles of Reverence, Respect and Reticence can be exercised wherever we go and are needed as much in the street, in the school and in the office as in the domestic arena. Courtesy bred and fed at the hearthside goes venturously forth, visiting strange scenes, lighting here and there, carrying gentleness and blessings throughout the day. Then courtesy, turning homeward flies wearily back to the beloved scene. Courtesy begins at home, and it ends at home. It is all the richer at home because of its missions and its victories in the needful world afar.

In May the trees that formed a curtain behind the green turf by the river landing were in the leaf and the blossom. Frank Creecy's teams began to haul loads of slabs from the nearest mill. Other men took the time to bring dry pine logs, which could be easily handled. Volunteer crews hewed and sawed during the long twilight hour after supper. The last survivor of the old river boatmen had mustered a crew to patch and calk an abandoned sailing barge, or gundelow, which had been a craft peculiar to these waters. It was all a labor of love.

Untouched and unrepentant was that our merchant David Torr. In the store his neighbors chatted about the celebration as the chief topic of interest. He had nothing to say. They called it the Wingfield Pageant for lack of a better title. To the town the word had ceased to be an irritant. It could breed no more strife. But to David Torr it was a bitter, incessant reminder of his own downfall. In his blood was a strain of that malignant temper, intolerant and self-willed, which had been Puritanism at its worst. The community was joined against him. Nevertheless, he was still right.

It was an added provocation that Frank Creecy should succeed where David Torr had failed. This harum-scarum liveryman who thought life was a joke had been able to lead the town by the nose. And no doubt he was laughing in his sleeve at David Torr. Hatred is a deadly sin because it corrodes the very soul. With it is often found a warped and twisted pride of self. Strong and ruddy and quiet, David Torr did not look like a man to harbor such base feelings as those. In a way it was pitiful.

He had one friend who could be called intimate. They had been fond of each other for many years. This was Capt. John Crommett, the only seafaring man left to remind Wingfield of its earlier activities on salt water. He was an older man than David Torr and most unlike him in every respect. He was loud and gusty, but his quarrels were soon over. At sixty years of age he was a domineering, white-bearded tyrant whose bark was worse than his bite. He had long since retired from the quarter-deck to cast anchor in this quiet haven of Wingfield. His investments had been shrewdly made, and he was reputed to be the rich man of the village.

He lived in the handsome white house just behind the river landing, which a Crommett had built a few years before the Revolution. In those days the Crommetts had been ship-builders as well as sailors. There Captain John could be found at intervals with a middle-aged niece as housekeeper. He wandered south in the winter or made an occasional sea voyage by way of pastime. Spring and summer usually found him at home. He was passionately devoted to his flower gardens. This year, however, the return of Captain Crommett was belated. His niece said he had written that rheumatism had "stood him on his beam ends" in Genoa.

David Torr was unusually anxious to see this old friend of his. It was a habit of theirs to play checkers under a tree in the garden. Mrs. Torr was both amused and touched. David's stubborn attitude had cut him off from the village. He had become too much wrapped up in himself, it would do him good to have the blustering, bullying companionship of Captain John. In some mysterious way they got on together like David and Jonathan.

Meanwhile the outdoor stage beside the river was taking on the semblance of a rude pioneer settlement. The old town jail, which was going to rack and ruin, had been covered with slabs and converted into a log house with narrow loopholes. At the water's edge were piled the frame timbers for a warehouse, which was to have a stockade round it.

Mr. Hamilton Bruce had held the first rehearsal, but a drizzling rain had made it forlorn. The attendance was small. Thirty-odd men and women tramped about the wet grass and got in one another's way, with numerous small boys under foot. Upon a rock across the river sat the solitary figure of Sidney Torr. He was merely looking on. He looked like a disheartened pioneer who had rather be scalped by the Indians than not. After the rehearsal,

THE WINGFIELD PAGEANT - By Ralph D. Paine

Chapter Five "No Trespass" signs



As soon as possible Sidney told Joe Runnels of the stormy scene at the breakfast table. His father meant what he had said; of that there was not the smallest doubt. His son found a gloomy joy in imagining a farewell climax

—kissing his weeping mother and turning away from the door of the old homestead as a disinherited heir. Joe Runnels, however, soon argued him out of this melodramatic mood.

"It won't do, Sid. You'd better do as your father tells you. Say, that wasn't any father-and-son banquet that you had at your house, was it?"

"I said he'd smash my career sooner or later, Joe. And here I am full of the very finest intentions and a contract made with the famous Mr. Hamilton Bruce! What will he say when I throw him down?"

"Let's go and find out. Your father can't object to that. You have to give notice that your job has been snatched out from under you."

They walked all the way to the old Bickford place. It was a low-spirited pilgrimage. As they drew near the house they saw that the ten-year-old twins were in great trouble. They had tried to lead an Ayrshire cow to the lawn, where the grass was turning green, but the impetuous bossy had bolted for the fields, head down and tail up. The twins were pluckily clinging to the long chain and were bouncing from the sod like rubber balls and emitting shrill cries for help. Apparently they believed that if they let go they should never see the cow again. Their mother stood aghast in the kitchen door. Mr. Bruce came surging out of his workshop. The two older boys fell out of an apple tree, which they were trying to prune.

Joe Runnels darted across the garden, hurdled a stone wall and headed off the frolicsome cow, which he moored by looping the chain over a stump. The twins were short of breath, and their clothes needed mending. What a cow needed was an emergency brake, said one of them. They had found a hero in Joe, whom they christened Johnny-on-the-Spot. Mr. Bruce approved the name.

"I shall have to run down to New York now and then to find rest and peace," he remarked with a sigh when he had calmed down a bit. "This farm is just one tumult after another."

"So am I," said Sidney Torr by way of introducing the subject.

"You never spoke a truer word," exclaimed Joe. "Make it snappy now. Mr. Bruce has had to take enough time out, with his twins being dragged all over the back lot."

The sorrowful Sidney made it as "snappy" as he could. His father

had put his foot down. There was nothing more to say.

Mr. Bruce was much disturbed. Here was a new complication. His wife had warned him to avoid entanglements, and he was caught hard and fast. He had promised his help, and now he had lost his right-hand man, the instigator of the whole affair.

"I can't very well quit," said he. "I gave the people my word. But this leaves me all spraddled out. You were the chief-of-staff, Sidney."

"Yes, sir, but I got court-martialed. Will you really go ahead with it?"

"Too late to retreat. It looks as if I had another bear by the tail and couldn't let go. My, my, what will Mrs. Bruce say now?" Joe Runnels was sympathetic. "She must be used to living with you by this time," he said. "Of course I'm not very much surprised. Haven't I had Sidney Torr on my hands for years? His middle name is trouble."

"You mustn't worry because you got me into this," said the author with affectionate solicitude to the woe-begone Sidney. "I like it. I hated to stick to my desk through the merry spring time, but there was no good excuse for leaving it. Now I can't help myself. Do you think I could soften your father's heart?"

"Not a chance. And I can't even talk to you about this show of ours, Mr. Bruce. It would be sneaky."

"I understand, Sidney. You feel bound in honor. Here is a man who admires you for it. You are the real thing."

"That's why I always stuck by him, Mr. Bruce," said Joe Runnels. "He may be

trying to your soul, but there isn't a crooked hair on his head."

Sidney smiled again.

The author cogitated a moment. "Joseph," he said finally, "I shall have to turn to you. Will you help me 'jack her up and yank her out'?"

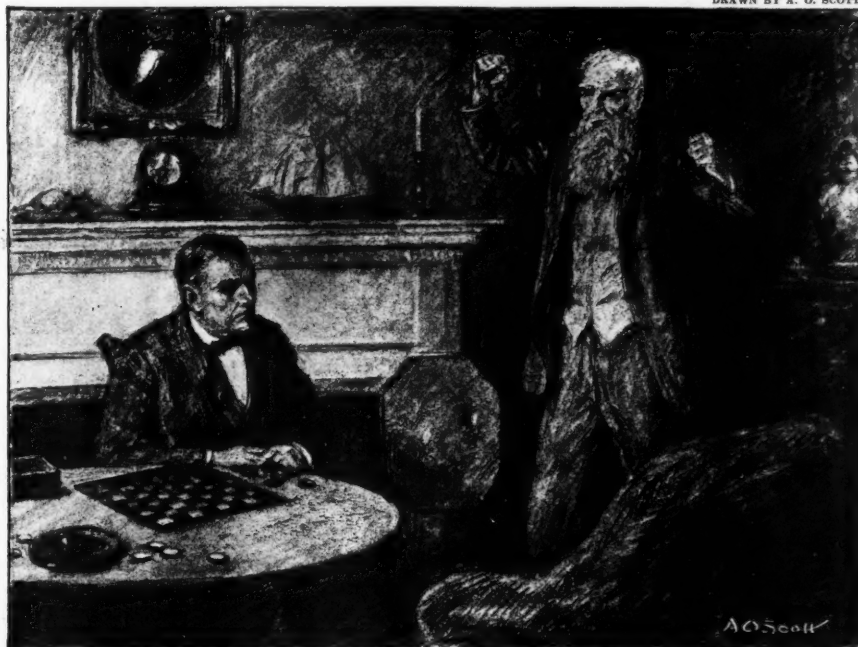
"Sure! I may be shy on temperment, but I know the town and the folks and all the ins and outs."

In that manner did Mr. Hamilton Bruce undertake a difficult and unfamiliar enterprise while Sidney Torr was condemned to be a wistful bystander. It was Joe Runnels that suggested the names of the men and women to be invited to the author's house for a conference. Frank Creecy ought to be the chairman of the general committee. The jovial stable keeper was easily the most popular man in Wingfield and a member of the board of selectmen. Nobody else could do so much to overcome whatever hostile feeling still smoldered. As for family feuds and chronic grudges, Joe guessed he could tell Mr. Bruce how to watch his step.

The task of organization turned out to be easier and pleasanter than could have been anticipated. Town and college showed the most amiable spirit of rivalry; each would do its share. There was a spirit of enthusiastic coöperation. Frank Creecy spread the gospel up and down the back roads. The pageant had got off on the wrong foot in the first place, he told them, but this new deal deserved their support. No cheesecloth drapery, not a thing in it to make him blush. And it was one hundred per cent old Wingfield, and the town didn't have to vote a penny to pay for it.

Was he to be driven away from home by a crowd of lunatics?

DRAWN BY A. O. SCOTT



which seemed much confused, Joe Runnels crossed to him in a canoe.

"My goodness, Sid, it was bad enough without having to look at you. Get behind the rock next time. You're worse'n a bug-bear."

"I can't stay away, can I?" quavered the banished genius.

"It looked pretty dubious, Joe; so few people here and things all mixed up. Is Mr. Bruce discouraged?"

"Not a mite. We can't lose. You have to gamble on bad weather and folks staying home to plant their crops. So the civil engineer at the college made a blue print of the landing and the trees and everything. Mr. Bruce tacked it on his desk. He swiped all his twins' lead soldiers, two hundred of 'em, and he and I put the whole show on whenever we like. Every soldier has a little tag around his neck. Do you get the idea?"

"It's a corker, Joe. You know where everybody belongs and how to get them on and off."

"Exactly! The entrances and exits through the trees are all numbered on the map. A copy of it will be ready next week for every man, woman and child."

"Oh, Joe," sighed the exiled Sidney. "I'd be willing to lose a leg if I could help you move those lead soldiers around. Then today's rehearsal wasn't so bad as it looked?"

"There was only one flare-up. Henry Durgin said he wouldn't be a pioneer in the same settlement with Eli Whiting, because their grandmothers didn't speak for fourteen years. It's been handed down. So I told Mr. Bruce to shift Henry across to this side of the river and make an Indian of him. When the massacre begins Henry and Eli can go to it and hammer each other as much as they like. That's what you call realism, Sid."

The next fortnight showed excellent progress, thanks to the ingenious device of the lead soldiers and the diagrams distributed to all who were to take part. To many of them attending rehearsals meant a real sacrifice. The spring term of the college was crowded with work for those of the faculty who were in the pageant. The farmers were toiling from dawn to dark to wrest a living from a hard soil. But the response was cheerful and ungrudging. What inspired it was the awakening of a community spirit in its truest sense.

Capt. John Crommett came home late in May. Frank Creecy drove him from the station, and they cheerfully abused each other as was their habit. The elderly wanderer ordered the car stopped on the stone bridge while he demanded to know why the landing was all cluttered up with logs and buildings. The Wingfield Pageant, he was proudly informed, and there was room in it for an old relic like him if he didn't try to boss the whole show. Captain John tugged at his white whiskers and said it looked highly interesting. It might scrape some of the barnacles off the old town.

David Torr made haste to spend this first evening with his bosom friend. Captain John spun the yarn of his travels. Then they sat with the checkerboard between them. David was silent even for him. Even now he could not lay aside his dark, besetting abstractions. At last he shoved his chair back.

"I've been waiting for you to get back, John," he said. "Things have been happening. Heard about it, have you? Not a word? Then you had better get the straight story from me."

"It will be straight enough if you tell it, David. Steam ahead."

"Folks turned against me and kicked me out of office for one thing," exclaimed the embittered man. "Then this fool pageant was started to spite me."

"Sufferin' tar and juniper!" shouted Captain John, pounding the table. "I want to know! Why, you've been skipper and first mate of this town for years. It sounds like mutiny. What ails Wingfield?"

David Torr proceeded to tell him his own private version of what ailed Wingfield. The retired mariner listened with an ire that waxed hotter and hotter. With him friendship was a religion. In his active days he had felt the same loyalty toward a true shipmate. It was an endearing trait of his headstrong and tempestuous nature. In this instance he never dreamed of doubting that David Torr's grievances were justified. Unable to beat him by fair means, his political enemies had cleverly maneuvered to discredit him!

"By the gods of war, I wish there was some way for me to help you get square with them," roared Capt. John Crommett.



"We ought to take the wind out of Frank Creecy's sails. Selectman, is he, and chairman of this infernal pageant?"

"Yes, and if this pageant goes big, John, he plans to run for the State Senate next year. It will give him advertisin' all over this part of New Hampshire. I was planning to campaign for Senator."

"You have earned it, David, as much as any man in Strafford County," declaimed the seafarer.

"Well, it's this way, John. If we could turn the laugh on Frank and his crowd, he'd be thrown out of office at next town meeting. And I could get back where I was. I have a notion that you can do the trick for me."

"Out with it. You're a shrewd snoozer when you get your dander up, Dave."

"You don't have to bring me into it at all, John. That wouldn't do. For your own good I'm telling you that you're going to find this pageant a terrible nuisance. For the next month a couple of hundred people will be running all over you, including a passel of wild college students that are going to play Indians. Right on the landing, in front of your door! They'll trample your gardens and spoil your lawns and swarm into your house and barn."

"Never thought of it," replied Capt. John Crommett uneasily.

"You better had," pursued David Torr. "Here you come home to enjoy your place, and you find a riot right under your nose. It isn't as if this imitation pageant amounted to shucks. It can't. Sure as I set here, John, this thing is bound to make Wingfield ridiculous. Why, my own boy hatched the idea. That's enough to condemn it. That flighty, addle-headed Sidney of mine, who don't know enough to come in when it rains. And guess who aided and abetted him. A poor idiot named Bruce that bought the Bickford place. He don't know a thing outside of writin' books. And he is a big, strong man that ought to be earnin' an honest living. And he sets at a desk, so they tell me, and plays with a bunch of lead soldiers and calls it directin' the Wingfield Pageant. And from what goes on at his farm you'd agree with me that he ought to have his head examined."

Capt. John Crommett had taken alarm. Both hands were in his beard. He charged across the floor, his blue eyes shot sparks. David had always given him sound advice. Thunder and blazes! Was he to be driven away from home by a crowd of lunatics when he had just come back to rest his old bones in a snug haven? And they had scuppered the best friend he had in Wingfield, a man worth the whole crew of 'em!

"They think the landing is all town property, do they, Dave? I see what you're driving at. There's a way to stop it."

"You bet there is, John. They aim to use the river in the pageant. That's the main idea. And they can't find another place with a hillside where a crowd can look on. You have never set up any claim to your part of the landing, but I guess you can dig up the old deed if you want to."

"A hundred feet wide I own," shouted Capt. John Crommett, "from my house to low-water mark. It went with the land that was used way back in my great-grandfather's time when he was building small vessels and had his own wharf. The town has forgot all about it, but that's my property."

"It comes smack in the middle of their log houses and rubbish, John. And they can't shift either way. There's no room."

"I'll give 'em twenty-four hours to vacate," was the stormy edict. "There's plenty of law to prevent trespass. The signs will be posted tomorrow morning. Thought they could walk all over me, did they, Dave? Nobody ever did that, yet! I'll stand no nonsense, not a mite of it."

"I knew you wouldn't, John. If they get cantankerous, remember I'm a justice of the peace."

There was consternation in Wingfield next day when the word went round that Capt. John Crommett had been driving stakes and nailing up "No Trespass" signs on the landing. His purpose was evident. Much perplexed, Frank Creecy went to see him at once as spokesman for the town. A night's sleep had

failed to cool the wrath of the retired shipmaster; he was pottering among his flower beds and glancing frequently in the direction of the landing. His greeting was not cordial.

"Hello, Frank. It won't do you a bit of good. I warn you not to come pesterin' me."

"Pshaw, Cap'n John, I know you're an old crank," was the easy reply, "but we've always been kind of fond of you. What's the matter with you now, rheumatism or original sin?"

"Who gave you permission to prance all over my property with your blasted pageant, Frank Creecy? You're a fat-headed lubber of a selectman if you don't know better than that!"

"Cap'n John, I believe you're all worked up about something. You sound violent. Somebody must have put a cocklebur under your saddle. I wonder who it was?"

"I am a sensible man who never indulges in tantrums," protested the mariner, "and I don't propose to have my rights trampled under foot."

Frank Creecy chewed a blade of grass and meditated. Something appeared to amuse him. With a dry chuckle he inquired: "Did you enjoy playin' checkers with Dave Torr last night? I saw him hot-foot it down here after supper."

"What do you mean?" demanded Cap-

tain Crommett, who looked uncomfortable. "Why lug Dave into it? I'm a man that knows his own mind and always did."

"You behave as if you were losing it. Now all we ask of you, Cap'n John, is to suspend judgment for a few days. Give this pageant a chance to soak into you. Get into the spirit of it. Sit on your porch and watch the rehearsals. Talk to the folks. I want you to meet Mr. Hamilton Bruce right away. Dave Torr has got you all twisted wrong end to. Why, you're liable to make your own neighbors mad enough to ride you out of town on a rail."

The last remark was unfortunate. Frank Creecy seldom showed a lack of tact, but just now his own emotions were too much for him. Capt. John Crommett straightened his sinewy frame, drew a long breath and filled the quiet air with the lurid language of the forecastle. The gist of it was that he couldn't be bulldozed out of doing his duty and defending his rights. Not another solitary rehearsal of the pageant should he permit on his property!

"All done, are you?" courteously remarked Frank Creecy. "I hope you enjoy good health, Cap'n John, but what this town needs more than a pageant is one or two first-class funerals."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A DOWNHILL PULL

By Hugh F. Grinstead

THE consolidated circus and animal aggregation of Morgan & Patterson asserted no claim to being the "greatest show on earth." Had it been of such magnitude it would never have visited so small a town as Westwood. However, it would have been hard to convince Sam Griffin, driver of wagon No. 4, that the occupants of the cages he hauled were not as savage as any wild animal in captivity. At least one of them had the reputation of being one of the most ferocious lions ever caged.

Old Kalahari Tom, so named because he had been captured on the South African Desert, was an extremely large reddish lion with a black mane. He was known to have been a man-eater before his capture and had lived up to his reputation by killing his keeper before the present owners had come into possession of him. Unlike beasts that have been born and reared in captivity, he had never been completely subjugated, and his four hundred and fifty pounds of bone and muscle commanded the respect both of man and of beast.

The town of Westwood is on top of a hill more than a mile from the railway, which had been built along the valley after the town was settled. The road to the station wound down the long hill and crossed the bridge over Crab Creek, a stream almost large enough to be called a river. A few houses had sprung up along the road, and

two or three stores at the station formed the nucleus of the "new town." But it was the staid old town on the hill that constituted the business and residential centre of the community, and up the winding road must go those who would bid for its patronage.

All the animals and equipment of the show had been unloaded from the cars in the cool of the morning, but it was high noon before the circus men got everything to the top of the hill, ready for the parade. It was heart-breaking business for drivers and crew boys. They had to use double teams to make the long, steep pull up the hill. Wagons that usually required only two horses to pull them must have four, and Sam Griffin's heavy four-horse wagon required an extra four to get it up.

"Never mind, boys," Cal Patterson reminded the sweating crew. "We'll have a downhill pull tomorrow morning when we're ready to load again, and that's when we need everything to run smooth."

The sun had been up an hour the following morning when the loaded wagons started on the return trip to the station. Two of the crew boys with heavy shoes and strong ropes took their stand at the top of the hill to brake the heavy wagons before they started down, and two others waited near the bridge to take the shoes off when the wagons reached the bottom. By that

The top of the stout post struck the door of a lion's cage

DRAWINGS BY W. F. STECHER



method one hind wheel of a vehicle rested on a wooden shoe, which the boys fastened by a strong rope to an iron gooseneck on the wagon body. The wheel, therefore, could not turn while the block was in place, and the arrangement afforded an effective brake for a very steep hill.

Sam Griffin with his heavy four-horse wagon that carried the lion and tiger cages along with some heavy equipment came near the last. Sam stopped to have the brake rope tied; then he swung his horses into the middle of the road and urged them down the hill. For two or three rods the ground was almost level, and it required a strong pull to start the wagon again. Presently the road dipped, and the traces of the leaders slackened; the pair at the tongue were doing little except guide the wagon, which moved down the slope by its own momentum.

A hundred yards farther the wagon reached the steepest part of the road, where it swung to the right in a wide curve before taking the long stretch straight to the bridge. Just as he pulled the leaders to the edge of the road in order to make the turn Sam felt the wagon lurch forward, and the end of the tongue prodded one of the leaders.

Sam's involuntary backward glance was not needed to tell him what had happened.

He knew that the rope either had broken or had come untied, and that all four of the wheels were turning and gathering speed with every revolution. Such an accident had happened to him once before, but fortunately he had been on a short hill that time.

The wheel team braced themselves in a vain effort to hold the wagon back. Sam saw instantly that unless he could in some way swing from the bare hard roadbed he was in a fair way to wreck the wagon and cripple the horses in the wild plunge to the foot of the hill. Fifty yards in front of him a dim side road entered from the left. If he could turn into that instead of continuing on down the hill he would soon reach comparatively level ground where he could bring the wagon to a stop.

Just then the heads of a team coming up the hill appeared at the turn. Sam shouted to the driver to stop where he was until he had made the turn, but the man either failed to understand or thought he knew his own business. He came on and blocked the way into the side road just when Sam had swung his team out to make the short turn.

It would be too late to make the turn after the other wagon was out of the way, and with a shout that urged his leaders to a fast trot Sam swerved to the right farther than was necessary to give half the road. The right wheels of his wagon slipped into the shallow ditch as he had planned, which helped to check the momentum for a moment. But it did more than that. There had once been a fence by the roadside, and just outside the ditch one of the posts remained, leaning slightly toward the road. It was too high to catch a hub, but as the wagon lurched over, the top of the stout post struck the door of a lion's cage—the one that held old Kalahari Tom!

Sam heard the splintering of dry wood mingled with the rattle of iron bars as the post snapped off, but for a few moments he was too busily engaged with his team to look back. When he did glance over his shoulder the fleeting glimpse he got of the havoc wrought by the accident almost took his breath away. The collision with the post had torn the hasp from the door and had broken the bottom hinge. The door, suspended by the single hinge, was sagging and flapping from side to side as the wagon bumped and lurched over the rough road! Sam caught a glimpse of a furry head at the opening; then the door swung to, and the old lion dodged back inside his cage.

A moment before, Sam had been chiefly concerned with stopping his runaway wagon, but now he suddenly leaned forward and cracked his whip over the leaders, urging them into a gallop. At the same time he swung to the left side of the road so that the uneven ground would tilt the cages in that direction. In a moment all four of the horses were running, and the heavy wagon was lurching and bumping at their heels. Sam knew that the lion would never attempt to jump out while they were going at such speed with the battered door banging back and forth.

They were soon in the straight stretch to the bridge. Three hundred yards down the

road in the depression on the near side of the bridge Sam saw the wagon ahead of him come to a stop at the foot of the hill; the crew boys were preparing to remove the shoe and the rope. There were houses on each side of the road here, a dozen or more of them, and every yard fence was lined with children watching the departure of the circus. If the old man-eater should escape now, he would probably charge into the midst of those defenseless children!

When Sam lashed his horses into a run his plans had been vague. That he must stop some time was sure, and it was almost as sure that when the cage was no longer in motion the lion would leap to the ground and escape. While flashing past the gaping crowds in the doorways the excited driver was casting about in his mind for some way to end his wild dash down the hill without the disastrous results that he feared.

Now that he had passed the steepest part of the hill he hoped to keep his horses from being run down by the wagon, but it would be impossible to check their speed until he reached the slight upgrade on the approach to the bridge. It occurred to him that he might be able to stop on the bridge with the right side of his wagon against the rail. He wondered whether the lion would dare leap over the bridge rail into the water. He knew that cats detest wet feet, but he was not sure about lions.

Going at break-neck speed, Sam had covered half the distance to the other wagon in a few seconds. Apparently neither the driver nor the two boys engaged with the shoe had taken notice of the runaway behind them. Sam yelled, and they looked up, and then began to make frantic efforts to jerk the rope free. Only ten seconds passed before the driver got his team

started toward the bridge thirty or forty yards in front of him. Sam could never pass the other wagon on the narrow grade without danger of rolling over the embankment into the creek, and he was too close now to hope that the other driver would beat him to the bridge.

Then at the crucial second Sam's knowledge of the country and of country roads stood him in hand. There was almost always a ford on one side of a bridge, where teamsters could cross at low water with empty wagons or light loads. To turn out and cross at the ford appeared to be the only way to avoid a collision with the other wagon; and it would be as safe to stop in the water as on the bridge.

A quick glance to the right showed only a deep ditch and the high bank; there was no ford there. On the left a truck patch extended from the fence by the roadside to the bank of the stream. The remains of an old gate and two or three half rotten boards held together with wire filled a gap in the fence. Running diagonally across the rows of beans and potatoes in the direction of the creek bank was a peculiar depression that a person with a keen eye would have known for an old roadway.

Whether or not the old ford lay on the other side of the truck patch was a question that Sam had no time to decide. He would know soon. He swung the galloping leaders from the road straight toward the old gate. There was a crash of flimsy boards, and the wagon rocked diagonally across the ridges of the vegetable garden.

It was barely twenty yards across the cultivated ground to a fringe of tall weeds that hid the bank. Sam caught a glimpse of the water beyond and held the team to the weed-covered gully that had once been a road. A second later the leaders plunged over a sandy cutbank three feet high and splashed into the water. The wagon appeared to stand on end for an instant as it followed. Floundering and snorting, the horses had almost reached the opposite shore before Sam succeeded in stopping them, leaving the wagon in midstream with the water almost to the top of the fore wheels.

Sam heard a sound between a whimper and a growl, and when he peered between the bars of the cage he saw the mighty king of beasts cowering in a corner as far from the broken door as he could get. Truly the old patriarch of the desert, like his tiny cousins, hated wet feet.

When help arrived the door was closed and held in place with a pole until it could be chained. Then eight horses hauled the wagon up the bank and back into the road.



SCHOOLS

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FACT AND COMMENT

BEFORE YOU LOOK for the next job be sure you are filling the one you have.

The Day is drear with Rain? Remember then The parched-up Spring that shall be full again.

ONE GOOD REASON for learning to swim is that, if you don't learn, you may sometime be helpless to save a life that is dearer to you than your own.

IN FRANCE they are making bricks of ordinary loam. Soil that contains from five to eight per cent of clay is put into moulds and subjected to great pressure. The bricks are said to have a resistance of six hundred pounds to the square inch.

TEN YEARS AGO grapefruit was almost unknown in Europe. Now it is coming into favor as a breakfast delicacy in England. The British now import large quantities from the United States, and brokers in London report that the demand is steadily increasing.

A RURAL CHURCH in Ohio has adopted a plan that is said to have led more persons to attend its services. It has mapped out routes that pass the houses of its present and prospective members and has asked owners of automobiles to go the rounds every Sunday and pick up anyone who wishes to ride to church. For many persons—especially the old and the infirm—the knowledge that an automobile will call for them makes it easier to decide to go.

THE NUMBER OF FUNNELS on an ocean liner has been a popular gauge of the grandeur of the vessel, but the Oorang, recently launched on the Clyde, has no funnels. The vessel is fairly called the first motor-driven passenger liner. She has a displacement of twenty-three thousand tons and a speed of eighteen knots. Four sets of six-cylinder Diesel engines deliver thirteen thousand horsepower, which is applied to four screws. The Oorang will ply between Vancouver and Australia, a route long enough to make economizing fuel and fuel space of considerable importance.

THE PATENT OFFICE recently issued patent No. 1,500,000. The numbers began in 1836, but since 1910 the applications for patents have reached a volume that greatly taxes the resources of the office to handle. The examiners have long complained of inadequate salaries and unsuitable quarters for doing the work. The Secretary of the Interior has now asked a committee of the American Bar Association and the leading patent bar associations to formulate a plan to simplify and expedite the business of the office. Congress has provided for one hundred additional workers, but the beginner's salary of \$1860 a year is not attractive to the kind of men that the work requires.

A MODEL OF NIAGARA carrying an amount of water directly proportional to that of the real Niagara is helping engineers to remedy an evil that threatens to destroy the beauty of the falls. As the limestone wears away underneath the "throat" of the Horseshoe more and more water is concentrating there and seems likely before many years to make the falls no more than a huge V-shaped gully. Experiments with weirs and artificial islands, placed in the stream above the falls on the model, show how the water can be distributed so as to give the American Falls a greater volume and keep on the

Canadian edge of the Horseshoe water that the power company on that side now fears that it will lose.

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THE OLYMPIC GAMES

THE "revived" Olympic Games, no longer the expression of a single people's devotion to the cult of a sound and beautiful body, but of the entire world's devotion to the ideal of clean and healthy sport, continue to engage the interest and arouse the competitive ambition of the whole family of civilized nations. The games recently held at Paris were perhaps the most largely attended of the series and on the side of actual athletic achievement were at least as remarkable as any that have gone before.

The athletes from the United States as usual won the track and field games, the most important events of the contest. The Americans have never failed to win first place in those events since the first meeting at Athens in 1896, and they usually win it by a considerable margin. This year they also stood first in most of the sports, which included boat races, polo matches, football games, swimming races, ski races and a number of other competitions that were not included either in the original Greek games or in the earlier modern revivals. Most interesting and remarkable, however, was the showing of the men from Finland. That little country in the far north sent to Paris a company of athletes who far surpassed anything that the other European nations could show, and who gave the Americans an exceedingly close race. The Finns were especially strong as runners. In all the individual races from fifteen hundred metres to the Marathon they were easily first. Northern peoples usually excel in athletics, for their climate encourages and rewards exertion, but we cannot help wondering why the Finns should excel all other nations—even Great Britain where field sports have so long been practiced.

Some persons think that the modern Olympic Games are becoming a little overcrowded, and that it would be better to drop some of the competitions that prolonged this last meeting through several months. Such omissions, however, would meet with a protest from countries that do better in such sports than in the usual track and field games, and so the step is not likely to be taken immediately.

Another obstacle to the complete success of the occasion is the expense and difficulty of carrying out so long and costly a programme. Olympic Games never pay. The attendance, large as it often is, does not meet expenses. Paris has a considerable bill to pay for the honor of holding the games this year, and it is already rumored that Holland, which has the next claim on the event, thinks of resigning that claim because of the expense. If the Dutchmen withdraw, it is probable that the games of 1928 will be awarded to Los Angeles. Southern California would be delighted to have them, and it would manage the affair generously and well. Unfortunately the distance and the cost of the journey would probably prevent many of the European athletes from attending, and the games would therefore be a "walk-over" for America. So it was when they were held in St. Louis twenty years ago, and a meeting on the Pacific Coast would be likely to have still less international patronage than one in the Mississippi Valley. Nevertheless the United States has the athletes, the stadiums and the financial resources, and it can in all fairness aspire to the occasional honor of the Olympics.

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A DYNAMIC CONCEPT OF WEALTH

THE theme of economics is the prosperity of the people. The people are prosperous in proportion as all of them have the things they need. We are creatures of time and place, and our needs vary with the time and place in which we happen to be living. Of some needful things, such as air, every one has enough already; there is no reason for trying to manufacture any more. In any particular place there are likely to be other good things in sufficient abundance for every one. In some places it is good drinking water; in other places it is firewood or building stone or flowers or blueberries or game or fish or any one of a multitude of other things. It does not argue a lack of appreciation of those good things that those who live where they are abundant do not labor to produce any more of them. They are wisely economizing their energy and applying it to the work of getting more of those other de-

sirable things that happen to be scarce. Wealth may be defined as that which calls into action man's productive energy. That is the dynamic concept of wealth.

The first thing that marks man as the economic animal is his concentrating his effort on things that are scarce. That economic effort takes two forms: first, the effort to produce more and, second, the effort to economize what he already has. It takes a discerning mind to do either. The bee and the squirrel will hoard as assiduously when they already have enough as when they lack. Economic intelligence concentrates its efforts on things that are scarce, though enjoying and presumably thanking God for the gifts of nature that are abundant. Every time a good thing that is scarce is made a little more abundant there is a definite increase in the prosperity of the nation. Every time such a thing is economized and made to satisfy a few more needs there is another definite increase in our prosperity.

Another dynamic definition of wealth would be that it includes everything that calls for intelligent economizing. That definition, however, would include the same things as the earlier one. The definitions are alike in laying emphasis on the power that certain good things have of calling into action man's economizing intelligence. In one case that economizing intelligence directs productive labor, not toward piling up things that are already sufficiently abundant, but toward accumulating those things that are insufficient. In the other case the economizing intelligence exercises itself toward economizing the good things themselves.

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GENEALOGY

IT is well known and obvious that youth takes little interest in genealogy. Why should it, when it has the vast future before it, with untold hopes and splendid fruitful struggles, quite enough to fill any life without unprofitable reflections on a past that can never be changed?

Early maturity begins to look back a little. Perhaps after all the future is best read and understood in the past, and a little more patient study of ancestral mistakes might have helped in avoiding at least the grosser repetition of similar blunders. Yet even so, the full tide of health and strength has too little time for leisurely consideration of days and doings that are gone. As one active father expressed it, "I am more interested in my posterity than in my progenitors."

But as we get older and begin to reflect upon life as well as to live it we see more and more the importance of causes as well as of results, of antecedents as well as of consequences. What the older generation called "good stock" gets to seem more significant. To have been born of honorable and industrious and self-respecting parents appears to be a help in the world, at any rate a comfort in meeting the various ups and downs of shifting fortune. A man grows more and more curious who his grandfather was, what sort of man he was and what sort of man his father was before him. And there are the grandmothers also, the gay, the charming, the loving, the wise, the thrifty, and those who were perhaps the opposite. A man would like to know about them and to trace something of them all in himself and in his children. Then suddenly he finds that those who could have told him these things are gone, and it is too late.

In almost every family there is one old lady who knows all the genealogical traditions and secrets. To the young she is too likely to appear a tedious old lady. She tells endless long stories about events and people that seem much better forgotten. While we have her with us we are inclined to shun her society, or too much of it. Then she slips away, and we are sorry. Bear that in mind and do not let her slip away till you have garnered a good share of the really precious and significant facts, facts calculated to illuminate your soul and your children's, which she—and no one else—can communicate.

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THE ISSUES OF THE CAMPAIGN

EVERYTHING indicates that President Coolidge intends to make economical administration and the reduction of taxes the issue on which he will appeal to the voters for reelection. His address to the budget conference of department heads shows that he is insistent and inflexible on the necessity of economy. For the last fiscal year we had a Treasury surplus of some \$500,000,000, which was applied to reducing

our colossal national debt; but Congress saw in that surplus only a good excuse for spending more money. No one estimates that next year's surplus will be more than \$25,000,000, but the President told the heads of departments that they could and should reduce expenditures by \$83,000,000, so as to enable the Treasury to pay off at least \$100,000,000 of the debt. "A government," said Mr. Coolidge, "which lays taxes on the people not required by urgent public necessity and sound public policy is not a protector of liberty but an instrument of tyranny." That is the plank in his own personal platform on which he will go before the people in November. It is as an honest, economical and careful administrator that he seeks the suffrages of the nation.

The Democrats will no doubt base their campaign on the derelictions of certain conspicuous members of the Harding administration. The differences and animosities that blazed up in the New York convention will make it hard for the party to unite on any policy except that of condemning the Republicans. They have shrunk from making a definite campaign in behalf of the United States's entering the League of Nations, and they have hesitated likewise to take any position on economic issues that might mark their party as in any sense radical. The necessity for conscience and honesty in office, which they believe the Democracy can satisfy, is the issue that they hope to make conspicuous.

Senator La Follette has taken advantage of the opportunity to put himself at the head of all the forces that demand "progressive," or radical, changes in the economic policies and political structure of the nation. His campaign will be, not negative, but positive. He demands the immediate reduction of tariff duties, government ownership of railways and the control by government of every sort of business that tends to become highly organized. The "paramount issue" he finds in the necessity of "breaking the combined power of private monopoly over the political and economic life of the American people."

None of the three candidates will admit that the issues that the other two present are the decisive issues; but when election time comes the voters will have thought out the situation for themselves and will cast their ballots for the candidate who, they think, is most likely to direct government into the paths that they wish it to take. The La Follette candidacy will be the puzzle of the campaign. Beginning without any party organization, it will base its chances for success on the supposed dissatisfaction of the people with the existing business and political organization of the country. It will represent, if not socialism, at least the drift toward the socialistic system. It would be a daring man that would predict how large a vote it will command.

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CONVENTIONS AND THE GALLERY

OUR Presidential nominating conventions are characteristically American—a peculiar contribution to the technique of politics that no other people seems in the least disposed to adopt. Elsewhere party leaders and heads of government are quietly chosen by the votes or by the common consent of the group of men who are already in office as members of the national legislature. We alone resort to great convocations of party members, held in the presence of as many of the general public as can get into an immense convention hall and accompanied with all the distractions of shouting, cheering and band-playing that human endurance can support. Visitors from abroad observe our conventions with open-mouthed astonishment. We are inured to them, and, though we find them imperfect instruments indeed, we nevertheless consent to them as institutions vital with our own national spirit.

The conventions are democratic affairs in the sense in which we in America use the word democratic. Although we live under representative government, we are always groping after something that is as near as possible to direct democracy. We are by no means ready to surrender to the members of Congress the power of naming the President or the men for whom we shall vote for President. Of course a convention is representative too, but it comes more freshly from the people than the Congressmen come, and it enables the party members in districts where they are not in a majority also to have their say in naming the party candidate. Since, unlike the French President or the

British Premier, the American President must be chosen by the votes of the people, it is expedient to let the people have a voice in selecting the candidates. Hence the convention, which, to be sure, is usually controlled by expert political leaders, but which has at least the aspect of a great popular gathering.

The critics of the nominating convention object most of all perhaps to the part that the spectators—the galleries—take in the proceedings. It is from the galleries that a large part of the noise and confusion proceeds, and when the public of the city where the convention is held has a favorite candidate the clamorous expression of its preference is supposed to have an improper effect on the deliberations of the delegates. Probably that effect is not great after all. The galleries could not nominate Governor Smith at New York, nor did they nominate Governor Lowden at Chicago in 1920 or Roosevelt at Chicago in 1912 or General Grant at Chicago in 1880. They may have helped to nominate Wilson at Baltimore or Hayes at Cincinnati in 1876 or Lincoln at Chicago in 1860; but, if they did, they did not do the nation any dis-service. As a rule the nomination is decided by other influences than a noisy gallery, which is quite as likely to stiffen opposition and arouse irritation as to swing doubtful delegates into line behind its favorite. That gallery demonstrations lack dignity and that gallery audiences often lack sportsmanship is true. If they add to the picturesqueness and the thrill of the occasion, they detract from the sobriety and deliberation with which so important a duty should be discharged. The difficulty is that they can hardly be prevented except by excluding the public altogether, and we cannot imagine that proposal's becoming popular even with the delegates.

When we Americans meet in numbers we like a spectacle, and we like to make a noise—observe us at our football games, for example. No doubt we should take our politics less hysterically; but at least it may be said for our conventions that they nominate creditable candidates and often the best men that the party has to offer.



CURRENT EVENTS

ALTHOUGH the central authorities of Brazil have managed pretty effectually to censor the news of the uprising at São Paulo, it is clear that the government has a considerable rebellion on its hands. Just what the cause of the trouble is we are not permitted to know; but the most convincing explanation, which is given by Americans who are familiar with the political situation in Brazil, is that taxation is at the bottom of the revolt. The state of São Paulo, which is in the great coffee-raising region of Brazil, is rich and has attained a high degree of civilization, but it does not have the amount of influence with the central government to which its inhabitants believe it to be entitled. It is charged that a great deal of money is raised by taxation in São Paulo only to be spent in other parts of the country, and the revolutionists apparently desire either to get control of the central government or to establish their independence. There has been some lively fighting, for the Brazilian army is an effective force, and the government at Rio de Janeiro is acting with determination. São Paulo, however, is a hilly country, easy to defend, and the rebellion seems to be in the hands of capable men.

IT is announced from Moscow that a Russian archaeologist, Professor Kozloff, has discovered some remarkable tombs near Uрга in Mongolia, which appear to be those of early Chinese kings. The bodies were found fifty feet beneath the top of a hill, which apparently is an artificial burial mound. The chambers in which the dead kings were found were hung with embroidered silk; and, as in Tutenkhamun's tomb, furniture, vessels of domestic and ornamental character and miniature figures of men and animals had been buried with the dead. According to the dispatch Professor Kozloff says that the tombs are more than four thousand years old.

THE war is over when, as happened at a recent session, the French Chamber of Deputies can vote amnesty to M. Caillaux and M. Malvy by a majority of more than a

hundred votes. A good many people expect to see M. Caillaux enter politics again and put himself at the head of the radical party. During the war he was exiled from Paris because he was too willing to make an inconclusive peace with the Germans and because he was suspected of communicating with the enemy.

THREE of the "white Indians" of whom we spoke editorially a few weeks ago have been brought to New York and examined by distinguished anthropologists and ethnologists. Although the men of science are not entirely agreed on an explanation of the strange blondness of these people, the weight of opinion is that they are probably albinos—or, as Mr. Marsh, who brought them to New York, puts it, pseudo-albinos. Apart from their color they are like the San Blas Indians among whom they were found and show no indication of any Caucasian blood. That blondness of the sort should be common in Darien seems improbable, for albinism is nowhere common; but there is no other solution of the problem that seems so likely.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

SPINDRIFT AND SMOTHER
is the first of the Chronicles of Adventure that will run in *The Companion* through the fall and winter months. It is an amazing narrative of a breathless struggle of some men in a small boat against wind and water during a great storm in the Bay of Biscay. It will appear

NEXT WEEK
These strange true tales, told in almost every case by the principal actor, and ranging in scene from the Arctic to India, will stir the pulse of every reader. To the series as originally constituted we have recently had the good luck to add another article—an account of a picturesque and perilous experience with Persian bandits. It is entitled

FIREFLIES
The title is appropriate, for in the dark, velvety night the mounted bandits, darting hither and yon, or circling their intended victim, use fireflies to signal one another.

A FEW weeks ago there died in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, a man whose name is not familiar to many Americans, although few men have had so useful and in his profession so distinguished a career. The man was Benjamin G. Lamme, the chief engineer of the Westinghouse Company and one of the four or five great electrical experts in the United States. His work was chiefly in the field of power transmission. The motive system in use on all electric railways is largely his invention, and so is the system most commonly employed in generating, transmitting and transforming high electric power. He was sixty years old.

FRIENDS and admirers of Woodrow Wilson are thinking of establishing a college that shall be a memorial to him. According to present plans the college, which is to be placed at Valdosta, Georgia, is to begin with an endowment of \$2,500,000 and will be especially devoted to instruction in the humanities and in such subjects as history, economics, government and international relations—subjects in which President Wilson himself was most deeply interested.

ALTHOUGH the American track and field athletes won the Olympic Games by a good margin, it was the jumpers, hurdlers and weight throwers that gained the victory. The American runners were excelled by those of Finland and Great Britain. There were ten individual running races at distances from one hundred metres to twenty-six miles; the United States won only one of them—the two-hundred-metre dash.

SCHOOL ADVERTISEMENTS—Continued from page 525

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

TIME

By H. C. Crew

Time is very,
very long,
Much longer than I
need
When mother makes
me sit and think
About my naughty
deed.



Marion and her little brother, in his tiny green bathing suit, joined the procession

TOGO GOES A-HUNTING

By Charlotte E. Wilder

"BOBBY, get your bucket." "Betty, hurry up." "Billy, get your sailboat." There was a great shouting inside the seashore cottage on that warm summer morning, for it looked out upon an ocean that was bright blue and almost as smooth as a lake.

"There goes Marion and her little brother too," said Betty. She put her head out of the parlor window and rapped on Bobby's pail, so that her friends would hear her.

"Run along," said her mother. "What a lively party you will have, with all that sand and all you children!"

So the three went racing down the little path, across the road and out over the sand, so hot that it almost burned their toes. Marion and her little brother, in his tiny green bathing suit, joined the procession; and Togo, the little terrier, went chasing after them.

"Let's dig tunnels first," said Bobby.

"All right," said the others, all five speaking at the same time.

They stretched out flat on the beach and dug long underground passages in the sand. Their hands went scooping and creeping in, like mice, until they touched some one else's hands, and then they came wiggling out and began to burrow in another place.

When Billy got tired of that game he began to build a tall sand castle, and soon all the others except Bobby helped him. Even the youngest boy was busy over in one corner of the garden planting trees. They weren't really trees at all, but just dry pieces of seaweed. Bobby sat back on his heels and watched the other children for a moment. Suddenly a bright idea popped into his head. He chuckled to himself and whispered in Togo's ear.

"Good dog, Togo," he murmured. "Want to hear a secret?"

Togo looked very curious indeed and blinked his beady eyes. But Billy was so busy building the castle that he didn't hear a word. The palace had a moat and four towers and a garden with a lake in it. All the builders, with their heads close together, were talking seriously about whether or not they should make paths and bridges in the garden.

That was why they didn't hear Bobby when he came crawling up behind them and didn't see him when he snatched Billy's bright red cap off the sand and stuffed it into his newly made tunnel. Then he threw in some sand and packed it down. He filled the hole up to the very brim with sand and smoothed the top over carefully. He waited a minute and then he jumped to his feet and ran over to the castle.

"Billy's lost his cap; Billy's lost his cap," he shouted.

Billy looked up in astonishment. He looked funny, for his face was spattered with wet sand. "Where is my cap?" he said.

"Nobody knows; nobody knows," chanted Bobby, jumping up and down.

Now that was the truth. Because when Billy said, "You get that cap before I count ten or I'll duck you in the ocean," Bobby went straight off to get it and—couldn't find it. He scratched and clawed and dug like an old hen looking for a juicy worm, but no tunnel and no hat could he find. He

made so many holes up and down the sandy beach that you would have thought a mole had been there. But he had covered up the cap so well that there was nothing to show him where he had put it.

While he looked Billy was counting very sternly,—one, two, three,—but when he saw that Bobby really could not find the cap he looked for it too, and Betty looked and Marion and her little brother looked. And someone else looked too. While they were all digging in the sand someone else was clawing and scratching a little way off.

Suddenly Togo came up behind Bobby and thumped his tail on the beach so hard that he sent up a shower of sand.

"Go away, Togo," said Bobby without looking at him.

But Togo went right on thumping. At last Bobby turned round, meaning to give him a good scolding, but instead he gave a great shout. There was a bright red cap hanging from the little dog's mouth.

"Well, where did you get that?" asked Billy. Then he noticed a deep hole near where they were standing. "I guess he hid it there like a bone."

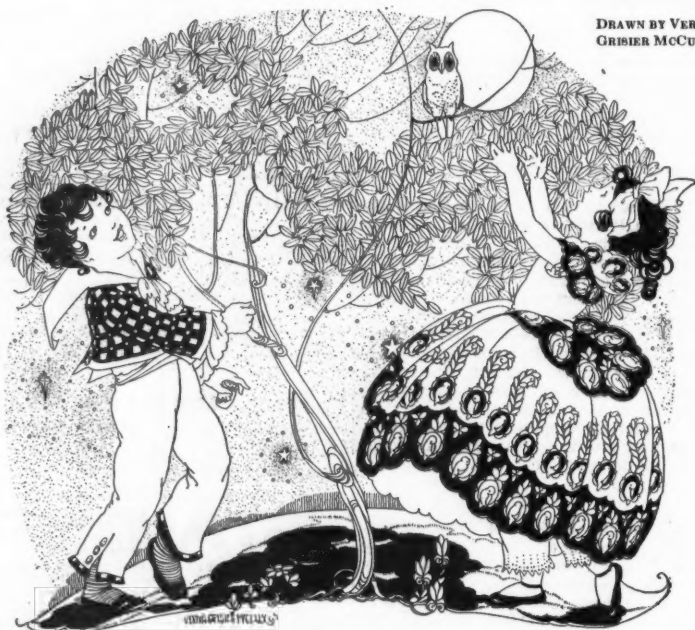
"No," said Bobby, laughing as he took the cap out of Togo's mouth. "I put it there. But he saw me do it, and he said that, if I got into any trouble, he'd help me out; so he did." Bobby patted the sandy little fellow. "Good dog," he said.

JIMMY BUTLER THE WEAVER

By Frances Margaret Fox

UNCLE RAY came with two lollipops. He gave one to Mary Ruth and the other to her little sister Betty Anne. Mary Ruth is five years old; her lollipop was yellow. Betty Anne is two years old, and her lollipop was red. Uncle Ray didn't bring a lollipop for Barbara Jane, the wee baby sister, because she is only three months old and cannot even hold a lollipop stick.

After a while Uncle Ray said, "What is your favorite story, Betty Anne?" The red lollipop had to wait a few seconds while Betty Anne said, "Jimmy Butler."



DRAWN BY VERA GRISIER McCULLY

THE WISE ONE

By Nancy Byrd Turner

O solemn owl, awake all night,
The secrets you must know!
What makes a mushroom grow
so fast,
What makes a glow-worm glow,
How spiders weave their dewy
webs,
And where the lost stars go.

O solemn owl, you know the
way
Old Moon Man walks the skies,
How early little birds awake,
And why a cricket cries.
If only you would use your
tongue
The way you use your eyes!

"You mean the story of the lost man?" asked Uncle Ray.

"Yes, if you please," answered Betty Anne.

Now it happened that I had never heard the Jimmy Butler story, and so I asked Uncle Ray about it.

He said that it was an old, old story—so old that no one knows who told it first. The babies' grandfather told it to his little boys and girls, and their grandfather's grandfather told it to his little boys and girls; so Jimmy Butler must have been lost in the woods more than one hundred years ago.

Uncle Ray told the story for me while the yellow lollipop and the red lollipop grew smaller and smaller; here it is:

Once upon a time there was a man whose name was Jimmy Butler. He was a weaver, and he had come sailing over the seas to live in this country. One lovely day in summer Jimmy Butler wished to visit his cousin Larry O'Tooley, who lives some distance away. Jimmy Butler thought that he should like to walk through the woods to Larry's house, so he asked a man to tell him how to get there.

The man told him. He said that it would be all right for Jimmy Butler to go through the woods if he didn't get lost.

Jimmy said, "I get lost? My father was the best navigator that ever sailed the seas!"

So he started through the woods, and he walked and he walked and he walked and he walked and he WALKED, and he kept on walking till it began to get dark.

After a while Jimmy Butler was so tired that he sat down under a tree to rest and to think. He began to realize that he was lost; so he called:

"Man lost! Man lost! MAN LOST!"

Just as he finished he heard some one above his head in the tree say, "Hoo? Hoo? Hoo?"

Jimmy then said, "Jimmy Butler the weaver."

The same cry came again: "Hoo? Hoo? Hoo?"

"Jimmy Butler the weaver, I tell you!"

The cry came again: "Hoo? Hoo? Hoo?"

Now it happened that Jimmy Butler had never heard of an owl, and he didn't know that there was such a bird anywhere in the wide world.

When the cry came again for the third time, "Hoo? Hoo? Hoo?" Jimmy Butler started to climb the tree. He said, "If I go up there, I'll 'hoo' you!"

Up Jimmy climbed. Then he broke a stick off the tree and tried to hit whoever was crying "Hoo?" at him. He whacked and he whacked and he WHACKED hard with the stick. He climbed far out on a limb of the tree, and he whacked and he whacked harder and harder with the stick. Then the limb broke and Jimmy Butler fell flat to the ground.

Soon he heard the tinkle of a bell in the distance, "Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling." He knew the bell was on a cow.

"I will wait," said Jimmy Butler, "and follow the cow because there must be a settlement near, and the cow is going home."

When the cow came by, "Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling," Jimmy Butler grabbed the cow's tail.

The cow began to run, and Jimmy Butler began to run. The cow ran faster and faster, and Jimmy Butler ran faster and faster. The cow ran faster and faster and FASTER, and Jimmy Butler ran faster and faster and FASTER.

They ran and they ran and they ran, straight to Larry O'Tooley's house, because it was Larry O'Tooley's cow.

When Larry O'Tooley heard Jimmy Butler's story he told Jimmy about our bird called the owl that was in the tree and cried "Hoo?" at him.

Then Larry O'Tooley laughed and laughed. After a few minutes Jimmy Butler laughed too. And that is all.



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MOTHER AND JIM

By Amy D. Putnam



They've all grown up and gone away,
All but Mother and Jim.
If I go back some sunny day
To the happy home where I used to play,
I'll find them all gone quite away,
All but Mother and Jim.

Only those two are waiting there,
Just Mother and Jim;
He in his little rocking chair,
My mother sitting here and there,
Busy as always everywhere,
Just Mother and Jim.

These two, who died long, long ago,—
Mother and Jim,—
Have never changed at all, and so
That's why I love so much to go
Where I can see again and know
Mother and Jim.

A PAIR OF TORN TROUSERS

I WAS brought up in a church-going family," one of a little group of business men declared reflectively when the conversation had drifted round to attendance at church. "That doesn't always count, to be sure, for, as Burton just said, a man feels sometimes that he's had church enough in his boyhood to last him all the rest of his life. It wasn't so in my case, though, and that it wasn't was owing largely to one of the saddest and most impressive incidents of my early years.

"Mother's health was always delicate, though she was always hard-working and uncomplaining. People nowadays can hardly understand what scanty means a small farmer had fifty years ago, and how much toil and planning and scrimping were required to keep a family of four clothed and fed. Saturday nights mother often sat up until the stroke of twelve, patching and mending our clothes so that we could go to church the next day. Father used to remonstrate with her, but she always had much the same answer: 'The children can't go to church without clothes, William, and they mustn't get into the habit of staying at home. If they don't learn to go when they're young, they'll never take to it when they're older.'

"My eleventh birthday I spent at Uncle Sidney Fletcher's. A day at Uncle Sidney's was a rare treat, and I returned, happy and excited, except for one disquieting accident. I had torn the knee of my new gray Sunday trousers. I can remember just how mother said, 'Why, Joey, dear! as she drew the frayed edges together between her slim white fingers, planning no doubt how best to mend the rent.

"How little I suspected what the next few hours would bring! That was a Saturday night, and mother died suddenly in the gray dawn of the morning following. For hours I couldn't believe it. It seemed like an ugly, terrifying dream, and I kept thinking I should wake up presently and find everything as it had been before. The first thing that brought me out of my daze was that pair of gray trousers hanging on a hook behind the stove. I turned them around and looked at the neatly mended knee—mother's last work. My eyes blurred with tears. One so near dying must feel ill and weak, I thought in my boyish way, but she had stitched and stitched and stitched, so that I could go to church Sunday morning! That was her dearest wish, and I resolved that it should not be disappointed.

"Apparently no one noticed me when I stole out of the front door, arrayed in my Sunday best, and set off across the fields on foot. It was five miles to the little country church, and the day was hot, but I kept plodding on, blinded half the time with my tears, but buoyed up by the thought that I was doing what mother wanted me to do. I don't remember much about the service or what people said to me, but that dogged determination to carry out mother's dying wish has clung to me for fifty years. She was a wise, good woman and must have known what was best for a boy in his teens, for a young man, for any man or woman. As my own judgment has matured I have come more and more to agree with her conclusions. Whenever I have been tempted to stay away from church the neatly mended knee of that pair of gray trousers has come up before my mind's eye as a gentle reminder."

THE PATH TO MARY'S

IT was six months since Mary Collins had died. She had been a quiet woman and was never in the forefront of anything; but after she had gone people were amazed to find how closely she had been interwoven with all the village life. She had not indeed been in the forefront, but she had been at the warm, beating heart of it all. Even now after half a year

no event happened in the village that some one did not say wistfully, "It seems as if Mary Collins might come in any minute!"

Martha Brooks, who had been spending the afternoon with Mrs. Thayer, had been talking of Mary for some time; Mrs. Thayer had been Mary Collins's nearest neighbor. Presently a silence fell between the two women, a tender silence full of memories.

Martha Brooks broke it. She had been looking absently out the window, and suddenly something unusual caught her attention. "Why, Ada, you've moved your dahlia bed!" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Thayer smiled. "I was waiting for you to notice that," she said. "Look along the path,—no, the other way,—the path to Mary's."

Mrs. Brooks turned. The path to Mary's led along the fence and then through an orchard; and all the way to the orchard the dahlias stood glowing and splendid in the September sun. "Why,—what,—?" Mrs. Brooks gasped.

"It was Betty's idea. She had been learning in school about the Lincoln Highway, and she proposed making a memorial path over to Mary's with my dahlias and hers."

"But it isn't nearly so good a place for them, is it?" Mrs. Brooks asked.

Mrs. Thayer caught her breath. "As if one could think of that when it was Mary!" she cried.

She was silent for a while; then, "I think of this so often, Martha. Betty isn't going to stay at home always. She will go away to college and then to her own place in life. And it may be in a city,—most of our girls do go to cities these days,—and neighbors are not so common in cities. I want Betty's little path of remembrance to be something she never can forget. She has every one of the dahlias named for some lovely gift or service. That long line of scarlet ones is for the weeks when she had scarlet fever and Mary came over every night to relieve me; the variegated one is for the bits of silk and ribbons Mary used to save for Betty's dolls;—and so on. Some of them would sound funny to you or me, but my little girl never will forget what it means to be a neighbor."

"It's a queer notion, but I guess I like it," Mrs. Brooks replied.

THE STOLEN DUCHESS

NO one ever loved prominence more than Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; at her London mansion she was the centre of the social and political groups that swayed the kingdom. How delighted she would have been, therefore, could she have known that after her death she would be the most talked-of woman in the world!

Gainsborough, writes Mr. E. M. Dole in the Mentor, was at the height of his powers when the auburn-haired duchess ordered from him a full-length portrait. He made four preliminary sketches before deciding on the pose and the costume. After the picture had passed into the lady's possession, about the year 1778, she occasionally lent it for exhibitions; then it dropped out of sight. In 1841 a well-to-do haberdasher saw the picture in the cottage of an old schoolmistress, who had cut it down to fit a space over her mantel. He bought it for two hundred and seventy-five dollars and thirty-five years later sold it to a well-known London firm of art dealers at a profit of fifty thousand dollars!

At this point there enters the sinister figure of Adam Worth, an American criminal, who in May, 1876, was directing from his luxurious apartments in London the operations of an international band of thieves and forgers. One of his aids had fallen into the hands of the police and was in Newgate Prison. While trying to decide what to do to get him out Worth, passing along Bond Street one afternoon, noticed the line of carriages drawn up before Agnew's, where the Duchess of Devonshire's picture was on view. Immediately he conceived a plot. He would steal the painting that had set London astir and hold it as hostage against the release of his confederate.

The next night he climbed through a window, cut the portrait from a stretching frame and carried it to a safe hiding place. When the robbery was discovered the world of art was thrown into convulsions. A day or so later the Messrs. Agnew received an anonymous communication stating that the picture would be surrendered if they would go bail for the prisoner in Newgate. A scrap of the canvas was inclosed in the letter. The owners would enter into no negotiations that would associate them in doubtful proceedings, and Adam Worth found the stolen masterpiece on his hands.

Despite desperate efforts Scotland Yard got no clue to the perpetrator of the crime, and some time afterward the robber carried the portrait to America, concealed under the false bottom of his trunk. For twenty-five years the painting was sought by detective agencies all over the world while it lay concealed in warehouses in New York, in Brooklyn and in Boston.

In 1901 word came to Pinkerton's detective agency through Pat Sheedy, a notorious New York gambler, that the picture, the disappearance of which had never ceased to be the object of discussion in art circles and in the underworld, would be surrendered upon payment of the reward of five thousand dollars. After a life of extravagance Worth was penniless. A secret message was sent to Mr. Morland

Agnew, and in Chicago a few weeks later the canvas was placed in his hands.

When exhibited in London the Stolen Duchess was viewed by hysterical crowds. J. Pierpont Morgan, after a few moments' examination, bought the picture for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. At Mr. Morgan's death the painting came back to America and was shown for a while at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In 1916 it went to Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee, Mr. Morgan's daughter.

IN OLD BARABOO VALLEY

A READER who has enjoyed the stories of foxes and other animals printed in The Companion sends us these reminiscences of his boyhood fifty years ago on his father's farm in the Baraboo Valley of Southern Wisconsin.

One day while I was working on a high ridge I could hear hounds baying not far away, and soon I saw a fox jump up on the top rail of a fence and walk on it for perhaps twenty or thirty feet; then he leaped to the ground and went across an open plowed field. The hounds were not more than twenty rods behind, yet they were baffled when they came to the fence. It was some time before they could take up the trail where the fox had jumped off.

The most exciting event I remember was when I was about ten years old and father was hauling grain out of an oat field to stack it. The field was inclosed with a zigzag rail fence, and he opened a gap in it to drive through and left me to watch the place so that the cows should not enter the grain field. While I was standing in the gap two red squirrels came running along toward me on top of the fence, one evidently chasing the other. When they reached the gap the foremost squirrel sprang on my shoulder and ran round my neck, followed by the second. Of course I became excited and made frantic efforts to drive them away, and they sprang back on the fence and continued their race.

For nearly seventeen years I was employed by the government as a railway postal clerk, and when the weather was pleasant I would often stand in the doorway of the mail car and watch the country. Once I saw a young deer on the track ahead of the engine; when he realized that he could not go fast enough to keep ahead he turned to the left and ran into the woods. There was a wire fence on either side of the railway track, and I expected to see the deer leap over it. Instead he ducked under the bottom wire where it was only a little more than a foot high!

A LESSON IN FOREIGN EXCHANGE

SYRIANS, it seems, have small regard for the money of their country. The following experience, which Mrs. Alec Tweedie relates in her book *Mainly East*, may well serve as a little lesson in foreign exchange:

Arriving originally at Beirut, I thought I would be particularly clever and go to a proper bank and change a proper twenty-five pounds into Syrian money. It took a lot of counting and arranging and finding the exact amount of the Syrian exchange for that day, but I was finally handed rolls of notes and small coins and departed feeling that, whatever happened, I should have enough currency to meet contingencies.

But my cleverness proved wasted. The first thing the hotel manager said was that the charge for his room with board was twenty-five shillings a day, English money.

"Oh," I gladly replied, "I have it in Syrian money."

"I won't take Syrian money," he said. "You won't take Syrian money? But this is Syria."

"I won't take it," he replied, shaking his head vigorously. "It is of no value; it's up one day and down the next day. We cannot count, we can do nothing with it. I will only count by English money or Egyptian money. Egyptian money is English money too. By those I count. I will not take Syrian money."

And would you believe it, I wandered round Syria with that twenty-five pounds' worth of Syrian money, and not a single person would relieve me of it! The shops refused to take it because of the exchange; the hotels would not look at it; in fact it was valueless everywhere, and finally I had to pay a visit to a bank in Damascus and persuade—yes, persuade—them to take it off my hands at a considerable loss.

WHEN MR. PEASLEE WAS A SELECTMAN

CALEB PEASLEE, laboriously weeding his beets, straightened with a hand on either hip and groaned with the effort.

Deacon Hyne, who was leaning on the fence, almost groaned in sympathy as he watched him. "You're workin' too stiddy over them beets, Kellup," he counseled. "You'll be hooked over like a tree in an ice storm if you don't lay off a spell and git the kinks out of you. A man can't weed all day 'thout liftin' his head and not suffer from it, anyway not if he's got to the age where you'n I have."

Caleb left his weeder sticking in the earth and approached the fence. "I s'pose you're in the right of it, Hyne," he admitted. "I know you are, for that matter." He paused to survey

the patch. "I d'know when I've let such a growth of weeds get the start of me b'fore; I s'pose it's the wet weather we've had, and now the shepherd's-sprout and pussley's come up thicker and stouter'n wheat did in Abel Dolliver's gravel pit once."

The deacon looked at Caleb as if he could not have heard aright. "Wheat come up where?" he asked.

"In Abel Dolliver's gravel pit," Caleb repeated stolidly.

"Tell me about it," demanded the deacon. "I knew about it," Caleb began obediently, "on account of bein' one of the selectmen of the town at the time. One of the things that gave us trouble was the question of gittin' Abel Dolliver to fence his gravel pit so folks wouldn't be in danger of goin' into it when they drove 'long that road nights, or when they walked along there either."

"But Abel was cross-grained and pudjicky about it, and all I could say to him didn't move him; he jest let on he didn't hear or didn't care, and meanwhile there the pit was close to the border of the road, but not teching it. Orrin Somes had one cow fall into it, and it took a gang of twenty men half a day to fetch her out, and she was wild as a pa'tridge for a fortnight afterwards, and Orrin claimed it shrunk her milk so that from bein' the best cow in his herd, givin' better'n ten quarts to a milkin', she hardly give enough the rest of the summer to pay for fetchin' her up from the pasture at night."

"Then another night Aaron Sneed went into it and stayed there all night in a rain; but, seein' he had a jug of cider in there with him and was a kind of town nuisance anyway, folks didn't make so much stir over that as they would if it had been a cow or somethin' of value like that. And Eph Lane tipped a couple of tons of hay in there once when he turned out to pass a team and his hind wheels got too near the aidge; he'd have gone in with it and his oxen too, only the kingbolt pulled out and let the load and rack go free of the forrard wheels."

"There was four or five other little happenin's too, but it chanced nobody got hurt any nor lost any gre't amount of time or money by it; but the pit was there all the time, and anybody might be hurt bad by it. Of course the town could have gone to law and made Abel close it up with a sufficient fence, but nobody likes to carry a neighbor to court till somethin' happens. Fin'ly, though, I got scared that somethin' might come up and the town'd have a bill of damages to pay, so I went to Abel and told him somethin'd have to be done about fencin' that pit. He heard me out that time, for he saw I was in earnest, but when I got through he shut his mouth and pushed his under lip out stubborn, and all I could git out of him was that he couldn't see any harm in the pit, and when he did he'd fence it, and he wouldn't till then! So, seein' I wa'n't makin' headway, I went off and left him, bein' p'suaded I'd have to fetch him by way of law after all."

"But in mebbe three days word come to me that Abel'd fenced in the pit with stout spruce logs and posts that'd hold a pair of hosses to pull on, and I went over to see it; and then the same day I chanced to meet Abel and spoke to him about it. He had a load of gravel on his tip cart, and I thought he moved his neck 'sif it was stiff and lame. I told him how the town was pleased to know he'd done the right thing about the fence and asked him what changed his mind on it, but not one word could I git out of him. Not one word! And if it hadn't been for somethin' I noticed later in the year I s'pose I'd never known."

"It chanced Abel was tryin' a new kind of

A BIT MIXED



First Gentleman (to entire stranger): "Surely I've met you before."

Second Gentleman: "When?"

First Gentleman: "Didn't we meet in Quebec?"

Second Gentleman: "Never been there."

First Gentleman: "Funny; neither have I. Must have been two other men."

—George Belcher in the Tattler.



HAROLD BELL WRIGHT'S NEW NOVEL The MINE with the IRON DOOR

IT is a romance of adventure that Harold Bell Wright tells you in this novel. The scene is laid in the Catalina Mountains of Arizona. Strange stories drift about that region, and thither many men have come—Spaniards, explorers, priests, Indians, cattlemen and adventurers from every land—who have mounted its heights, up and up under the wide skies, over the vast deserts, upon the wild mountains, to the mighty Candæ del Oro—the Cañon of Gold. Today men still hear of the great lost mine, the “mine with the iron door.”

A man wanders into this cañon, up its trail as the sun is sinking. The only eye to see him is that of an Indian standing silhouetted against the sky, a figure of mystery and romance and adventure.

This scene, with the lonely figure in the majestic open, preludes the story of heroism, of love, of human hearts, of glorious adventure that Harold Bell Wright tells.

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seed wheat that year. He got the seed over somewhere in the next county and sowed mebbe five acres of it, and it was taller and greener whilst it was growin' and ripened browner'n any wheat we'd ever grown in these parts. I went over a dozen times to look at it and admire it, and so did others; so I got so I could have told that wheat amongst a dozen other kinds if they'd all been growin' in the same field.

“Well, one day I was drivin' over to rids Abel's gravel pit when I heard a little clink of iron, and I knew in a minute old Bess'd cast a shoe; so I hauled her to the side of the road right abreast of Abel's pit and hitched her there whilst I went back to pick up the shoe, bein' it was most a new one, and when I stepped along to her head to unhitch her I craned my neck over and took a look down into the pit. I d'know why I did, except that it's one of the things you do sometimes for no reason.

“But what I saw there made me look again and look close to be sure I wa'n't mistook—and I wa'n't. Down in that pit ten foot below the road was as han'some a stand of wheat as I ever saw. It stood as close as the stalks would grow, and it was that new kind of wheat Abel got somewhere away and fetched home to sow that spring. I studied over it a minute and thought back about the load of gravel I'd seen him haulin' at the time he built the fence, and in a few minutes I'd got the rights of it—almost as near as the facts I taxed out of Abel when I got to pinnin' him down with questions the next time I ketchin' him alone.

“He'd gone over with his team and was haulin' the wheat home of a dark night, and he blundered into his own gravel pit and bust two of the bags of seed wheat. Seein' he'd always poohed at the idea of it bein' a menace, he'd made up his mind not to own up; but he fixed a fence, and then he'd shoveled up a load of gravel off'n the top and sowed it on to his field along with the wheat, figgerin' he'd got it all in that load.

“But it 'pears I didn't,” he says. “From what you say I must've left some 'nough to let the cat out of the bag anyway.” And he seemed to study on it a minute, and then he gi'n me a kind of queer look. “It mebbe is all right for a man to be stubborn and not own up when he's wrong about a thing,” he says, “but not when nature's agin him, and I give up this time,” Abel says.

“LORD NELSON” AND THE COOKS

YACHTING in the Mediterranean was on the whole “Blue Water,” as Mr. A. S. Hildebrand calls it in his book of that name. But on one occasion at Almeria, Spain, when the boat was without the services of a cook not only the water but the yachtmen also were blue. The ship chandler at that place, a man with one eye, says Mr. Hildebrand, kept asking what he could do for us. In the end we told him we needed a cook, and as he left he handed us his card, which we found bore the name “Lord Nelson.”

Subsequently we asked the British consul whether Lord Nelson was dependable.

“He's about as good as the general run of them,” was the reply. “He's about the only ship chandler here at any rate. Some of the others, younger men for the most part, have tried to break into his game from time to time, but he has money enough to undersell them, and he doesn't hesitate even to give away supplies for the sake of freezing out his competitors.”

When we asked Lord Nelson to recommend us a cook he thought for a moment and at last muttered, “Pepe! There's man for you. Good cook, good sailor. For six months he cook on Norway salvage ship; he go away, because ship no go to sea. Always he want go to sea. He marry my little girl. You see? And I try to make him go into ship-chandler business with me. But no. No, no. He love sea. Always sea. Good sailor? Whoof! Bad weather? More bad weather, better he like!”

Since the wind was in the east, we stayed three days in Almeria, and Pepe came and cooked for us. He was a good cook and neat and pleasant, but he was so fat that it was impossible to imagine his going aloft. We asked him whether he was willing to stay with us.

“Yes; I go,” he said. “For six months I try get into ship-chandler business here in Almeria, but Lord Nelson, he give away meat, figs, wine, eggs, everything to ships that come. So I lose three thousand pesetas and give up. No got more money. I go. Where you go?”

When we told him his eyes grew wide with astonishment. He reflected for a moment and then said he thought the ship was too small for safety and resigned.

We sent for Lord Nelson again and asked for another cook.

“I know very man,” he said without a moment's hesitation. “Speak English same as you; better than me. Name Martini. Good cook, good sailor. Been ten years at sea, American ship. Yes. Fine man. I tell him. You see.”

Martini was quick and clever in the galley and had once made a voyage in a steamer to Newport News, but he was no man for going aloft, and it was hard to understand Lord Nelson's enthusiasm for him unless—sure enough, we learned on investigation that Martini had been trying to break into the ship-chandler business, and that Lord Nelson had had to give away supplies to defeat him.

The wind came westerly on the fourth day,

and as we were making sail Martini appeared on deck with his bundle under his arm and, saying that his son was very sick, resigned. So we went to sea without a cook.

LINCOLN'S TURN TO READ

THERE was something in the application of President Lincoln's stories that brought out all the humor in them. In *Something of Men I Have Known* Adlai E. Stevenson passes on a story that he heard from the Hon. John B. Henderson. During the gloomy period of 1862 Mr. Henderson called on the President late one Sunday afternoon and found him alone in his library.

After some moments Mr. Lincoln, apparently much depressed, said in substance: “They are making every effort, Henderson, to induce me to issue a proclamation of emancipation. Sumner and Wilson and Stevens are constantly urging me, but I don't think it best now; do you think so, Henderson?”

To which Henderson promptly replied that he did not think so; that in existing conditions such a measure would in his judgment be ill-advised and possibly disastrous.

“Just what I think,” said the President, “but they are constantly coming and urging me, sometimes alone, sometimes in couples and sometimes all three together, but constantly pressing me.”

With that he walked across the room to a window and looked out on the avenue. Sure enough, Wilson, Stevens and Sumner were to be seen approaching the Executive Mansion. Calling his visitor to the window and pointing to the approaching figures, he said in a tone expressing something of that wondrous sense of humor which no burden of disaster could wholly dispel: “Henderson, did you ever attend an old field school?”

Henderson replied that he had.

“So did I,” said the President; “what little education I ever got in early life was in that way. I attended an old field school in Indiana, where our only reading book was the Bible. One day we were standing up reading the account of the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace. A little tow-headed fellow who stood beside me had the verse with the unpronounceable names; he mangled up Shadrach and Meshach woefully and finally went all to pieces on Abednego. Smarting under the blows that in accordance with the old-time custom promptly followed his delinquency, the little fellow sobbed aloud. The reading, however, went round, each boy in the class reading his verse in turn. The sobbing at length ceased, and the tow-headed boy gazed intently upon the verse ahead. Suddenly he gave a pitiful yell, at which the schoolmaster demanded: “What is the matter with you now?”

“Look there,” said the boy, pointing to the next verse; “there comes them same darn three fellows again!”

HOOK, THE PUNSTER

A CENTURY ago punning was more in fashion as an exercise of wit than it is nowadays. One of the well-known humorous writers of the time was Theodore Hook, many of whose bright sayings have been recorded in Mr. Walter Jerrold's *A Book of Famous Wits*. Tom Hill, the reputed original of Paul Pry in the play of that name, was an old man of whom the wits made frequent fun. All his friends pretended to regard him as a Methusalem, for no one knew his age. James Smith averred that it never could be ascertained, for the parish register where it was entered had been destroyed in the Great Fire of London.

“Pooh! pooh!” broke in Hook. “He is one of the little Hills that are spoken of as skipping in the Psalms.”

Tom Hill also provoked another of Hook's puns. An ingenious gentleman had been showing at a dinner table how he could cut a pig out of orange peel. Hill tried again and again to accomplish the feat, but after stewing the table about him with the peel of a dozen oranges he exclaimed, “Hang the pig! I can't make him.”

“Why, Hill,” said Hook, “you have done more; instead of one pig you've made a litter!”

When Richard Bentley started his *Miscellany* Hook said, “An ominous title—Missellany.”

Far wittier was the reply of some one else to Bentley when he said that he had first thought of naming it the *Wit's Miscellany* and afterward changed it to Bentley's *Miscellany*; “You needn't have gone to the other extreme,” observed the other.

One of the best known and happiest of Hook's puns was uttered to a visitor to his house at Fulham. Looking at Putney Bridge, the visitor said he had heard that it was a good investment and, turning to his host, asked if that was really so.

“I really don't know,” was the answer, “but you have only to cross it and you are sure to be tolled.”

WHEN THE PLAIN TALES FIRST REACHED THE HILLS

IN 1886 Mr. Rudyard Kipling, then a young man, was among the visitors at Simla, India. His sister, a nice pretty girl of eighteen,—writes Maj. Gen. Sir George Younghusband (CONTINUED ON PAGE 532)

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in *Forty Years a Soldier*,—used to give me a dance now and then, and so I got to know him. Rudyard's mother and sister were there for the season, and he used to run up for a few days at a time when he could be spared. He was then sub-editor of what he called the local rag, the *Civil and Military Gazette of Lahore*.

It was at that time that he wrote *Plain Tales from the Hills* and *Departmental Ditties*. They used to appear on the outside page of the *Civil and Military Gazette* and curiously enough did not set the hills ablaze. Some people thought them "rather funny," and some wondered languidly, "Who the dickens is R. K.?" But the tales and ditties gave no offense at all for the simple reason that no one recognized himself, though he immediately saw how exactly the cap fitted some one else.

Rudyard Kipling was so seldom in Simla that I have always felt convinced that his sister helped him a great deal in the groundwork of his tales and ditties; she had a more intimate knowledge than he of Simla and its society. Miss Kipling was a bright, clever girl, and, though she did not say much, she saw everything distinctly. She was the bright damsel who, when Lord Dufferin asked her why she was not dancing, replied with a placid smile, "You see I am quite young; I am only eighteen. Perhaps when I am forty I shall get some partners." This quiet little dig at the middle-aged ladies who pranced about with the Hill captains while their daughters sat out appears in one of Rudyard Kipling's verses.

It was some years later that a traveling publisher happened to find the *Plain Tales* on an Indian railway bookstall and, grasping the genius of them, arranged to republish them. From that moment Rudyard Kipling became famous.

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MORE LACONIC THAN LUCID

THE recent revival of interest in old-time sailing-vessels has led to the retelling of many half-forgotten anecdotes of ancient sea captains. One of the most successful and experienced of those old fellows was Capt. Ezekiel-Jenkins of the *Jehu*, who, despite his lack of education, was as good at trading as at navigation.

The owners of the *Jehu* once sent him with a valuable cargo to a port of South America at a time when two or three of the young and lively republics of that region were in a state of belligerent ebullience. On his arrival he found all ports where the goods could possibly be marketed closed against foreign vessels. He felt it his duty to inform his owners of the situation at once and sent word to them by a ship, larger and swifter than his own, that he found on the point of departure as he arrived. The message duly reached them in Boston. It read: "Sirs—Own to the blockhead the vig is spilt."

They could make nothing of it. But another sea captain, a former shipmate of Captain Jenkins, was ashore and near at hand, and they sent for him to assist them. Being himself "no scoldard" and finding his old friend's little vagaries of pronunciation and spelling quite natural, he was astonished that they had found any difficulty; he read off easily and at once:

"Sirs—Owing to the blockade the voyage is spoiled."

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THE HAWK PICKS A TARTAR

THIS story of a duel to the death between a hawk and a weasel comes to us from a contributor whose uncle witnessed it.

He was working on a fence one July morning when a big marsh hawk that had been flying in the vicinity began to circle over a spot in the deep grass and suddenly swooped down on his victim. It was several minutes before he rose out of the grass, heavily burdened and apparently still struggling with whatever he was carrying. The hawk flew painfully up for a hundred feet or so; then all at once he collapsed and with his prey tumbled to the ground.

My uncle went where the two had fallen. The animal held in the hawk's talons was a large brown weasel; it was stunned, but was still struggling weakly and tearing at a vein that it had severed under the hawk's wing. The hawk was dead, but its sharp claws remained gripped round the weasel's spine in two places. The weasel's struggles to tear loose became fainter and fainter; it had killed its adversary, but within a few minutes it also lay dead.

❖ ❖

A TREE THAT PINCHED

YOUR Tall Ones from Vermont, writes a correspondent, reminds me of a story a man told in my home when I was a boy. He said he went coon hunting one night. Soon the hound struck a hot trail and after a short run began baying up a large oak. The tree had two or three promising holes, and as the man was meditating whether to climb it or to cut it he leaned against a smaller tree.

Soon he felt something pinch his back and then again two or three times. He turned to investigate and found that the tree was hollow and had a small crack running up the side. And—would you believe it?—that tree was full of coons, and every time they breathed they opened the crack a little, and when they exhaled the tree crack closed and pinched him in the back!



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